

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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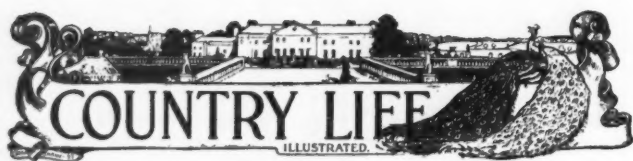
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Photo, LAFAYETTE,

LADY ABERCROMBY AND CHILD.

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THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

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Water Famine.

OUR country is always a good sleeper, but it is gradually awaking to the fact that there is going to be some trouble with its water supply. The London East Enders are threatened with a water famine, and they know, by previous experience, what a water famine is. But this water famine, if it come with all the virulence that it threatens, will be a severer visitation than previous acquaintance has made familiar to the East End. There will be bad times, unless the unexpected should occur.

That, however, is not our business. It is rather outside our province, and has little to do with country life. What is more within our province is that the water famine, as a newspaper of the date of writing solemnly announces, "is not confined to the metropolitan area, but is threatening the home counties"—extraordinarily acute comment of the daily press! The water famine, not only in the home counties, but also a good deal farther afield, has not only been a threat, but a fact for some while past. We have not ceased to draw attention to it in our "Country Notes," and do not conceive that any apology is required for again bringing it strongly before our readers' notice. The causes of the failure in our water supply—comparative failure, let us say, for of course we are not absolutely without water, nor is the lack of it universal, although pretty general—are not hard to see. For some years past we have had very little snow in the winter. Last winter there was an exceptionally heavy fall in the West, but it was not general over the country, and, as a rule, it is not the West Country that feels the lack of water. But over the greater part of England, and in the South and East of Scotland, there has been comparatively little snow, and a low

rainfall of every kind. The latter deficiency is the less important. Rain runs off the surface quickly, especially in these days of increased drainage of agricultural land; but snow remains, slowly melting, and sinking into the deep reservoirs which supply the springs. This—the lack of snow and the deficient rainfall—is, no doubt, the first and chief cause of our present trouble. The second cause is that which we have incidentally mentioned above—the drainage of the agricultural lands. The first is a cause that is entirely beyond our control; the second is a cause that we might remove as we would, but which we certainly could not wish removed. It would be a sad confession of inability to deal with Nature's forces if we were reduced to admitting ourselves obliged to give up all the benefits to the farmer of the surface draining in order to keep our water supply at an adequate height. It would be a counsel of heroism and almost of desperation. Happily we may see, if we look about us, less expensive and less suicidal methods of remedying our trouble. Indeed the variety of possible methods that we can see, and see neglected, may well give us reason to be ashamed of our sins of omission. In the winter we see the streams filled to overflowing, coursing down the hillsides in torrents, the water pouring away unregarded to the sea; and in the summer and autumn, in the neighbourhood of these very streams (it is no fancy picture, but one that has many times over realised itself within the observation of everyone who lives in the country), we see the village wells dry, the villagers going the better part of a mile for the smallest amount of necessary water, and sometimes paying at something like the rate of ginger-beer for the very water that they drink. It is at once very apparent that there is something not quite right about all this. There ought to be some means of stopping all this waste, and of saving the modicum of this water that is likely to be wanted in a dry summer and autumn. And the means are generally not very difficult to see—in some places they are harder of achievement than in others, but in none, we may safely say, are they impossible, and in many it is obvious to the meanest capacity that they are easy. It is only necessary, in very many instances, to throw up a dam of concrete, brick, wattle and dab, or whatever the nature of the ground and the force of the water to be held back may demand, to put a hatch in it, and the reservoir is complete. A good colony of beavers could almost be trusted to do it. No doubt it will be objected, and in some cases with a certain degree of truth, that it is easy to sit in a chair and suggest schemes of this kind with pen and paper, but a very different thing to put them into bricks and mortar. That we are very ready to admit—to admit that there are cases, many cases, in which the formation of a reservoir near enough to be of use would be attended by so much expense and labour and difficulty of one sort or another that the idea is virtually impracticable. But, on the other hand, we do assert that there are cases, many cases, in which such reservoirs could be usefully made with the greatest ease, and with very little outlay as compared with the subsequent saving of labour and possible expense, cases in which three sides of the reservoir are virtually ready-made by Nature, and only need the fourth side to be added, in the nature of a dam, as we have suggested.

The question that then obviously arises is, "Who is to pay?" and to this, too, the answer ought to be simple. We are a free people, which means, amongst other things, that we will not consent to extra charges on our rates unless we see very clearly the recompense we are to get back. There can be little doubt, in very many cases, of the recompense to the poor of a parish for the very small expenditure that would be necessary for making such semi-natural reservoirs as we have suggested, and we conceive it to be the distinct duty of the squire, or chief man, of the parish to make the small ratepayers see the matter in its true light. And surely it is not too much to expect of him that where, as would generally happen, the reservoir is to be made on his ground, he would give the site as a free gift, and possibly give a useful subscription, to boot, to lighten the charge on the rates.

But it is not our purpose, in this article, to make suggestions about the details of any scheme of this nature. That would, perhaps, be nothing short of an impertinence. But we should like to draw the attention of country-folk to this aspect of the case, and to make them see that they have a duty to perform—an opportunity of usefulness—in pointing out to the poor people, the most improvident class in the world, the necessity and also the feasibility of storing water in the winter. The method we have ventured to suggest is very far from exhausting all the possible means. A deal is to be done by saving the rain water, which is often let-run to waste. A single converted rain tub is commonly the whole water-storing equipment of a cottage, and many have not this, though the average rainfall and average cottage roof area might justify storage in some half-dozen. But it is not the details that we would lay a stress on; it is the necessity of making the people realise their present improvidence in this regard, and the ease with which their troubles may be, to say the least, alleviated.



THE great increase in the number of shows—horse, dog, and poultry—which are now annually held in almost every parish of this country affords conclusive evidence that the interest of the public in the improvement of fancy stock is rapidly extending; but the fact remains that a considerable percentage of the visitors to such exhibitions know very little about the points of the animals and birds they pay to see. In the minds of the general public a horse, a dog, or a bird of any variety so closely resembles its fellow which happens to be similarly bred that any discrimination between the points of the two is quite impossible, though in the eyes of the expert there is a great gulf fixed between the value of the creatures. As a consequence, shows not only lose much of their value as mediums of instruction to visitors who possess no means of discovering why the judges have selected one exhibit in preference to another, but, in addition, a great deal of interest is denied to spectators who, being unacquainted with the points of a breed, are unable to attempt to form any original ideas of their own upon the relative merits of the competitors. With the desire, therefore, of assisting the amateur, we purpose to publish a series of illustrated articles written by experts, but in a popular form, which we hope will have the effect of implanting in the minds of our readers an idea of those points which conduce to the excellence of fancy and other stock. In these articles there will be illustrations of both good properties and of bad ones, points to be sought after and faults to be avoided, and an attempt will be made to supply our readers with the reasons which influence judges in selecting some animals or birds and discarding others.

As a preliminary we may be permitted to express the very strong conviction that amateurs will be led, by the articles which we shall shortly begin, to realise the fact that after all the gentlemen who are recognised as experts in the art of breeding and judging live stock are completely justified in attaching the value they do to certain properties. Points are usually bred for, not merely because they add to the beauty of their possessor, but because they have been found by experience to increase the utility of a breed; and as the different varieties of most species of domestic animals are utilised for different purposes, certain properties are sought for in some which no judge would desire to find in others. In the case of purely fancy animals and birds, an ability to work is undesired by experts, but even in such cases the recognised ideas of breeders are based upon something more than an arbitrary expression of opinion regarding what shall be and what shall not. Beauty of conformation is, of course, the primary object to be sought after; but even in connection with the fancy varieties it will be found that there is generally a good reason to justify the favour that is shown for certain points. Indeed it may be argued in favour of those who amuse themselves by breeding such animals and birds, that they insist upon the retention of many properties which are most difficult to produce, not merely because they are recognised as adding to the beauty of the creatures, but because their production is only accomplished by the exercise of patience and by scientific breeding, which provide interest if not excitement for those who attempt the improvement of such varieties. The breeding of live stock, in fact, affords such an ample field of enterprise for the lovers of beast and bird, that it is surprising that so comparatively few persons have engaged in so interesting and remunerative a pursuit. A good animal costs no more to keep than a bad one, whilst in many instances they may be kept with profit, whereas mongrels cannot fail to be associated with loss.

A recent mail from Maritzburg brings the account of an almost unprecedented rifle-shooting accident. We all remember the outcry which arose when a .303 bullet, certainly fired from a range of not more than 1,000 yds. in front of the butts at Aldershot, penetrated and killed an unhappy man who was at work nearly two miles behind the butts. That accident led to the condemna-

tion of many ranges in the first place and to the subsequent allegations by experts that the accident could not have happened. The pity of it was that the dead man's body confounded the theories of the experts. But the case at Maritzburg is even more startling. There the victim was seated in church and fell dead immediately after a crash had been heard at the window. Investigation seems to have established fairly the statement that this unlucky bullet started upon its course at a distance of 5,000 yds. at the least. A more extraordinary and fatal fluke was never recorded.

A curious country art that is dying out, like the art of the thatcher, is that of making the ponds that are commonly known as "catch-ponds" for the storing of the surface drainage water. In the old days the country people used to make the bottoms and sides of these ponds waterproof by "puddling" them with their bare feet. It is well known that no process consolidates soil so well as the continued tramp of the human foot, and the ponds thus "puddled" used to hold the water perfectly. The greatest danger to which they were liable was that the horses might get in and stamp in them in the hot weather, and break through the "puddling." But it was a catastrophe that was not irreparable, and the catch-ponds did, and continue to do, their duty well. In places they were the only sources, for miles, for watering the sheep. It is a pity, now that water famine threatens us, that this art should not be cultivated.

It is currently reported that the Duc d'Abruzzi intends having another first-class racing cutter built; the reason for this is not easy to comprehend, for Bona is by no means outclassed, and she must have a lot of racing left in her yet. In fact, she is the most up-to-date cutter in the big class, and the only vessel of this calibre that has been launched since Bona's advent is Mr. C. D. Rose's Aurora, which is a failure, to say the least of it. We doubt very much if even Mr. G. L. Watson could design a faster vessel than the Italian cutter, which may fairly be considered one of his greatest master-pieces. At the Western regattas she has carried all before her, but seldom has she gained such a decisive victory over her two most dangerous rivals, Ailsa and Aurora, as she did on Friday (August 26th) at the Royal Dart Yacht Club Regatta, when she sailed home 1 min. 26 sec. in front of Ailsa, and 3 min. 18 sec. ahead of Aurora. It is interesting to note that the handicap was arranged thus: Aurora to allow Ailsa 3 min. 20 sec., and Bona 11 min. 26 sec.

The grouse have been so good this year, especially on some of the English moors, as to prove the possibility of having too much of a good thing. In one or two cases that have come to our notice, birds have been so numerous that it was necessary to stop shooting at luncheon time. Of course, this sounds like a crying paradox, but it is simple fact. In cases where a tenant has rented a moor with a "limit"—a maximum number of brace that his lease permits him to shoot—it is very possible for him, in a good year, to reach his limit too quickly—so quickly that the first weeks of the shooting suffice to reach it, and leave no occupation for the future. In these cases the only way to spread out the shooting time is to make short days—half days; and this is the explanation of the paradox. But in these circumstances it were surely for the mutual advantage of lessee and lessor that the former should pay a little more, according to agreement, and shoot a few extra brace. It is anything but an advantage to the owner to have too large a breeding stock left on the ground.

Although the grouse are so exceptionally good this season on some of the moors, there are some parts, nevertheless, where they seem to show a steady, if slow, diminution in their numbers. Of course the stock, as a whole, has been infinitely benefited by the much more general adoption of driving, but apart from this, there is a change in operation here and there that does not make for the good of the grouse, and that is the gradual but steady deterioration of the heather. This deterioration is not universal, though it is perhaps more general than is supposed, and in some parts—we may note the north-west of Yorkshire—it is notably in evidence; and also, as we suspect, over a large area in the west of Sutherlandshire and Rosshire the grass is disposed to gain on the heather. This is a gain to the deer forest area, but a loss to the grouse. The truth is that this heather belongs to the category of those wild products of our land that seem inclined to disappear simply from being more looked at than of old. We can hardly find any other explanation. In the West we might be inclined to think that the wet encourages the grass at the heather's expense. But there is no reason to suppose that it is wetter than it used to be.

Several correspondents write to point out that Belvoir Castle and Park are among the glories of Leicestershire, not of Lincolnshire. As a matter of fact the boundary line of the counties appears to cut through the park, but the castle is just in Leicestershire.

On the whole, the partridges are not a very satisfactory lot this year. It was hardly to be expected of them that they would be, so cold and stormy was it soon after the time of their principal hatch out. And this was the harder luck because that hatch out was an unusually good one. But, besides the general poverty in their numbers, it is to be especially noticed that there is a greater difference than usual in the comparative forwardness of different coverts. The same explanation, a little further stretched, may account for this too, for while the strong and forward coverts are evidently those that survived the hard weather, the feebler coverts are as obviously second broods—the attempts of parents to make up to the partridge population for the youngsters that the evil weather killed off.

Many distinguished foreign naturalists are attending the Zoological Congress at Cambridge. Among them are M. Milne Edwards, whose English name might conceal the identity of the most distinguished naturalist of France, and Professor Caruccio, who, by examining the fish thrown up from the depths of the sea in the whirlpool of Charybdis, first discovered that it was in salt water that the eel reproduces its kind. M. Piepers, whose paper on the probable history of the gradual colour changes in butterflies attracted much attention, is a Dutchman. He was the first of living writers to draw attention to the unnoticed mental characteristics of insects, such as the homing instinct in butterflies, and their powers of selection and memory.

It will be noticed that the connection between sport and zoology, or, as we prefer to call it, natural history, is shown even in this strictly scientific gathering. Lord Walsingham presides over the entomological section of the Congress, and has a European reputation as an authority on moths and butterflies not less noted than that which he has gained in this country as a crack shot and sportsman. The Duke of Bedford has invited members of the Congress to visit Woburn Abbey, and see the collection of foreign deer and other acclimatised animals, of which some description recently appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE*. But Englishmen are now, as they always have been, easily first in all departments of outdoor natural history, observation, and discovery. The national taste for colonising, sport, and natural history react on each other. But Brehm and Humboldt have worthy successors, as the papers read at Cambridge abundantly prove.

The Zoo has become the richer by one of those Saki monkeys that have so much in common with our own humanity. It has a long beard, which is a human attribute in itself; but its most characteristic and most human peculiarity is that it drinks from its hand, making its palm into a scoop. This is not an individual peculiarity, it is the way its whole tribe drinks.

The destruction by fire of a great part of the wild beast repository owned by Mr. Cross, of Liverpool, is painful reading. There is something particularly regrettable when animals which man has deprived of their liberty and confined with bars and bolts, are killed by a horrible death, while they cannot help themselves. It is worse than burning captives in a prison, for the animals are confined for no fault. The wretched lions were found "looking like drowned dogs, with all their hair burnt off, and the naked bodies drenched with water." Other poor creatures were alive, half roasted, next day. The burning of the giraffe at the Zoo was nothing to this dreadful *auto da fê*.

The heat wave, of which we have felt and read so much, has suddenly produced a great crop of insect life—butterflies, wasps (which seemed almost an extinct race), gnats, and biting things of all kinds. And among the more serious dangers incidental to country life at these times—and quite apart from the direct peril of sunstroke and heat apoplexy—must be reckoned the danger of injury from falling boughs of the great trees, and of the elm tree especially. In the very hot weather we are particularly attracted by the grateful shade, but it is just this very weather that fills the boughs with sap, softening all their fibres, and now and again making them too weak to hold up their weight of leafage. Then there is a great *débacle*—of the elm bough, and of any living thing standing beneath it. It is a danger that is well known, but perhaps not enough appreciated.

It is noticeable, in course of walking the fields, that the roots are a better crop than the dry summer might have led us to expect. No doubt they have received just the freshening up they needed from the partial and occasional showers—generally thunder showers—by which the general drought of the summer has been relieved. The rain was never constant enough to go down very deeply, but it gave the roots just what they wanted most.

A crop that has been a comparative failure, and a failure of which it is not very easy to see the reason, is the mushroom crop. This is not said in reference to the mushrooms that grow without culture in the fields. These have failed indeed, but the reason of their failure is not far to seek, seeing that they demand

moisture. But even in the darkened and damp places where they are cultivated artificially the crop has been extraordinarily poor. Last year's crop was a particularly good one. It seems scarcely possible to suppose that they were affected by the dryness of the atmosphere even in those dark tunnels and caves where they are grown, and yet one seeks in vain for any other explanation.

In happy inspiration a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* has written to complain that, while Dean Ramsay and others have embalmed the humour of the Scottish peasantry in precious books, the English peasant has been left out in the cold. The Irish have not been neglected, but search in the British Museum has failed to produce any collection of the witticisms of the English peasant. Whereupon the *Daily Telegraph* observes that when George Eliot and the greatest of her successors use the English peasant to raise a smile, it is a smile at, not with, him or her. With all respect for the oracle, we dissent. He would be a daring man who should laugh at Mrs. Poyser or Tom Tulliver's friend Bob Lakins. But, on the whole, probably the true reason for the absence of the collections is the absence of material. The dry humour of the Scot, in some ways not unlike that of the American, lends itself to anecdote; and the Scots are really among the most humorous people in the world. Similes, exactly and almost poetically appropriate, are characteristic of the English peasant. For him earth "sets like cement," or "slacks like lime"; hay "smells like honey," his cabbages "eat like sparrowgrass"; anything that is smooth and soft is "slik as a mole." We hear these similes often; they are like the standing epithets in Homer, and we come to love them; but you will hear more humour from one well-born child in a day than from twenty peasants in a year.

We commend to our readers the very valuable and candid series of articles entitled "A Farmer's Year," by Mr. Rider Haggard, in *Longmans' Magazine*. The first of them appears in the current number of that publication, and Mr. Haggard says in his final paragraph, "As I write, the fear takes me that such a journal as I propose of agricultural events, and of reflections arising out of them, may prove monotonous." He may lay that fear aside with an easy mind. Since the days of William Beever's "Daily Life of Our Farm," nothing more frank, clear, and honest has been written of agriculture, and there is no doubt that the series will be read with great interest. Estate owners and agents especially will note with grim satisfaction what he has to say of tenants' "disimprovements," a subject on which alone many articles might be written.

To have deep water and safe moorings at your door, to live amidst scenery which cannot be surpassed for beauty, and to be within easy reach of first-rate railway communication, does not fall to the lot of many yachtsmen, and the small number of fine houses which fringe the Anglesey coast of the Menai Straits are eagerly snapped up when they come into the market. Glyngarth is one of them, perhaps one of the best of them; though Rhianfa and Craig-y-don are both charming. They, however, are not to be acquired, whereas Glyngarth is in the market. It is a stately and substantial house of Anglesey limestone, built some forty years ago. The lawn sweeps right down to the sea-wall, and beneath that wall are safe moorings for the largest yachts. Stretching away on either hand are the blue waters of the Straits, sometimes compared to the Rhine, but, in the writer's opinion, far superior to it in point of beauty. Beyond the broad strip of the Menai, and behind Bangor, the whole Snowdonian range is unfolded to the eye; and the hill behind the house itself, nobly clothed in trees, effectually keeps off the north wind of winter. See "The English Flower Garden" if you want to know what may be done in the way of gardening on that sunny and sheltered bank of Anglesey; think of myrtles, outdoor cyclamens, and majestic fuchsias, and you will have some notion of what may be grown there by those who love gardens. The yachting is excellent, and there are many pleasant objects for a cruise; the mountains are in easy reach; the partridge and snipe shooting of Anglesey are famous—General Owen Williams once killed one hundred couple of snipe in a day there—and there is some hunting. At any rate, there is a gay hunt week at Beaumaris. The sale will be at Beaumaris on September 12th.

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

OUR frontispiece this week shows Lady Abercromby, mother of Sir George William Abercromby, the eighth Baronet, who was born in 1886, and her youngest son, Robert Alexander, born in 1895. Lady Abercromby was the daughter of the late Mr. Eyre Coote, of West Park, Hants. The first Baronet, Sir Alexander Abercromby, was created in 1636, and was very conspicuous in his resistance to Charles I. The country seats of the Abercromby family are Forglen House, Turriff, Banffshire, and Birkenbog, N.B., Castle Douglas, N.B., and Fermoy, County Cork. The town house is 26, Lennox Gardens.

SCOTCH COLLIES.

ABOUT the pair of Scotch collies shown in this picture there is a look that we of the South do not associate with collies. There is a look of roughness and raggedness, a look that almost suggests the notion that these dogs might have a touch of the deerhound in them. There seems to be the deerhound quality of harshness and unevenness in their coats. Possibly, the effect of the photograph is a little deceptive, but in any case it is the more curious illusion—that these fellows have something of the deerhound look—because, as a matter of fact, the functions of the collie and the deerhound are beginning to be merged together a little, only it is the collie that is learning to do the deerhound's business, not the deerhound that is learning to herd the sheep; though some of these wild and active little Highland sheep require a dog of power and speed to circumvent them. But the collie has power and speed sufficient, and a keener intelligence than the deerhound to boot, so he suffices for this business. But the sphere in which the collie is encroaching on the deerhound is in his own business of deer-hunting—deer-hunting in the sense of running to a standstill the stag that has been stricken but is not dead—as the coadjutor of the stalker. For this purpose the collie is found not only as good as the deerhound, but “a deal better, too.” He seems better able to carry on the chase of a single wounded stag through the herd in which he is so apt to be lost; and when the wounded one breaks away, as wounded stags will, from the body of the herd, the collie is often found to stick to him where the deerhound would have been apt to go off after the rest. Of course, he is a very



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

SCOTCH COLLIES.

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jolly fellow, the Scotch collie—a good friend to those he knows, though his greeting is apt to be a bit too rough for the taste of the passer-by of a lonely homestead; but, for all that, one cannot but be sorry to see him taking the deerhound's place. The deerhound is such a noble-looking fellow. But there is a breadth of brow and a kindly Scotch shrewdness of eye about these nice shaggy collies that the deerhound has not; and the race, in these modern days, is no longer to the swift, but to the clever. Everywhere we see the triumph of mind over muscle. And the collie, though less swift than the deerhound, is swift enough to run the wounded stag to bay.

HOW WE SHOT A PANTHER ASLEEP.

TO “catch a weasel asleep” is proverbially a difficult matter; but the panther, although it has not passed into a proverb, is not (as those who have beaten the jungle for him, and beaten it in vain, can testify) so very far behind the weasel in the matter of wakefulness. In an ordinary way “spots” is nothing if he is not sharp, and there can be no doubt that he has passed muster in the art of identifying himself with a bush or a rock, and so

defying detection. The panther in question, whose sleepiness cost him his skin, was not, as a general rule, one whit behind his fellows as regards the qualifications referred to; on the contrary, he was an old stager, and well known, who lived quite close to cantonments, and had most successfully defied the united sportsmen of more than one regiment stationed therein. Possibly, to employ another saying, “familiarity had bred contempt”; possibly he had arrived at the state of “living on his reputation” (an admittedly foolish course for even panthers to take). Perhaps it was only because “the pitcher goes oft to the well, but is broken at last”; but shot he certainly was in the long run, and it happened like this:

As I have already said, our friend lived in a patch of jungle quite close to cantonments (about three miles distant, as a matter of fact) and levied contributions and supplies, as is the way of panthers, from one particular village in its vicinity. Now the Patail, or head man, of this especial village, on the principle, doubtless, that one gets used to anything, had begun to regard these depredations more or less as a matter of course. When “spots” first billeted himself upon him he had probably resented it, and had taken steps to inform the sportsmen in the neighbouring cantonment. A long list of failures, however, had shaken his trust in the British subaltern, and he had become careless, more especially as the panther's victims were only occasionally his own property. Now we were new arrivals, and therefore keen for the fray, so that our shikaries had spies or accomplices in most of the villages round. Through the agency of one of these, then, we obtained news that our friend had killed, and, mounting our ponies, galloped out to the scene of action.



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HARVEST TIME.

“COUNTRY LIFE.”



Lafayette.

IN THE GROUNDS.

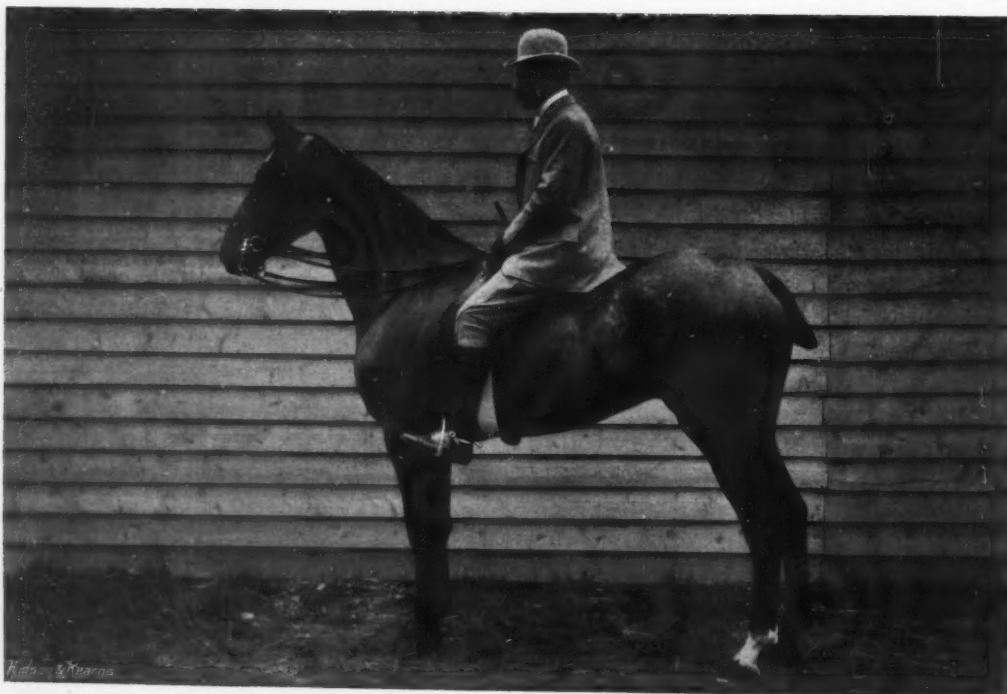
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GOLDEN RAY.

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Lafayette.

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: ALADDIN.

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On arrival, of course, the first thing was to go to the village and make arrangements for beaters, etc., but here we were at once confronted with the usual Oriental obstruction. The inhabitants did not see why they should be subjected to a day's work in the sun for the trifling remuneration of a day's pay. They had no work to do, they had done their work for the year in fact, and had sufficient food to last till the next harvest. They did not want money, as there was nothing in the village to buy, and as to the sahibs getting the panther, of course that was absurd. Had they not been worried dozens of times by these energetic Europeans with their rapid way of doing things, and had not the result always been the same! Having followed out this delightfully Oriental line of reasoning completely to their own satisfaction, they had recourse to another Oriental habit, namely, lying, and when a native of the "Spicy East" really means business in this respect he can do it better than most people. There was no panther in that jungle, and there never had been one; there had been no kill in the neighbourhood for years, except the one that had just occurred, and the panther which was responsible for that one came from a jungle miles off, near another village. The jungle was much better there, and the village was a large one, where we would be able to get any number of beaters. There was nobody at home in their village; they were all in the fields (it was the hot weather, and the fields in question were about the colour and consistency of an ash lawn tennis court), and it would take too long to bring them in. Now had the panther been seen? Why, yes! There were three old men and some children in a field quite close by who had seen him that morning, and he was then well on his way to the other village. If the sahib wished it they would bring these independent witnesses for his satisfaction. The sahib's humble servants could not tell a lie, especially to gentlemen whose feet they sat at, and whose salt they had eaten for years; but if the sahib was so unreasonable as to think that such a thing were possible there was the proof positive of their veracity within calling distance.

Unfortunately for the reputation for truthfulness of our friends the villagers, a Sikh shikari, whom we had brought with us from cantonments, turned up at about this stage of the proceedings with the information that he had tracked the panther quite conclusively into the jungle where we had imagined that he always lived, and had, moreover, discovered him fast asleep in some elephant grass beside a pool of water. He said that, if we could move sufficiently quietly, he thought he could conduct one of us to the spot without disturbing the beast, but that there was not room enough for two to approach without making a noise. We tossed up for the shot, and I won, much to my companion's disgust, so I borrowed his 12-bore rifle (I had only a single-barrel .500 express myself) and followed the shikari as quietly as my clumsy boots would let me.

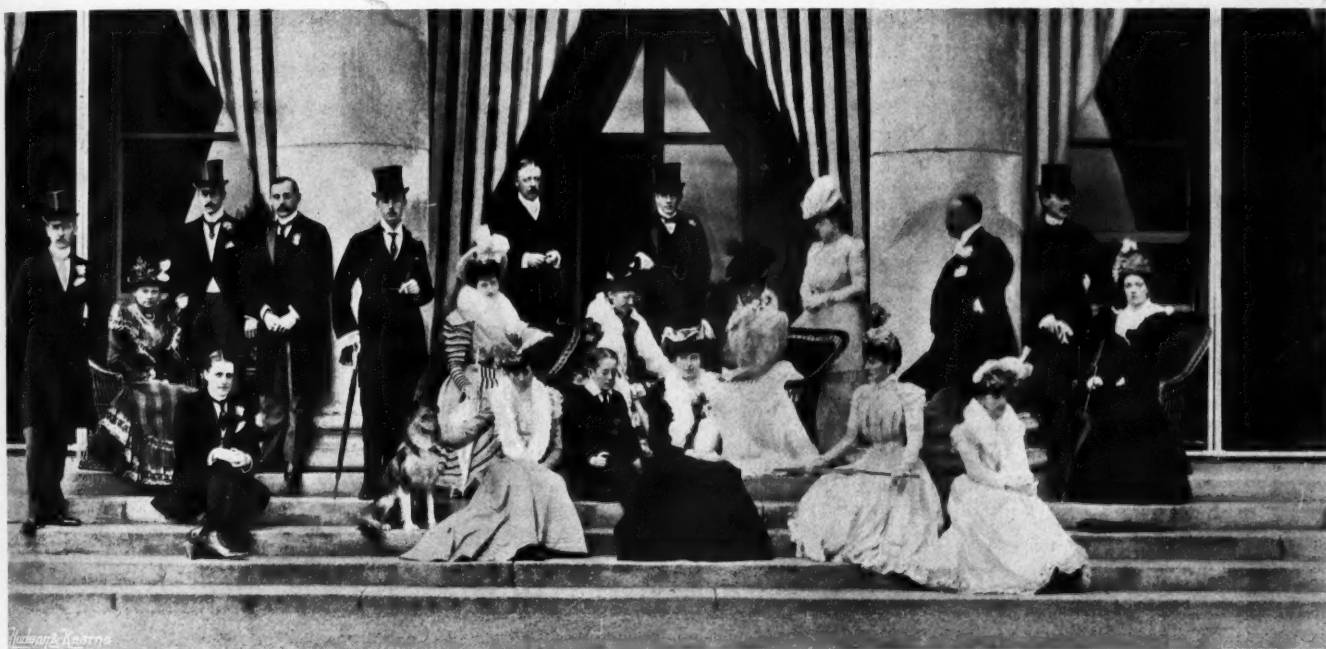
The jungle was thick, the track narrow, and our movements necessarily slow, so that it was quite ten minutes before we reached the patch of cover indicated by my guide; my companion halted somewhat in rear to come to our assistance if necessary, and the shikari and myself continued our journey to the edge of the pool. There, sure enough, on the other side, was the panther, lying almost concealed in the long grass, so that it was with some little difficulty that I could find the small patch of spotted skin, edged at the bottom side with white, which was pointed out to me.

Arguing from the presence of the white, and the general shape of the portion of the animal which I could see, I came to the conclusion that "spots" was facing me, and that I could get a clear shot at him behind his shoulder; I took careful aim, therefore, and pulled the trigger. My shot was followed by a roar, and a commotion among the grass, but when the smoke cleared away there were no signs of the panther. Now this was not altogether surprising, considering the thickness of the jungle at that particular place. So we decided to wait until any life which might be left in the beast should have had time to become extinct, and then to thoroughly search the clump of elephant grass in which he had been lying. When we got to the grass, there was plenty of blood, but still no panther (a very distressing, not to say dangerous, state of things, a wounded panther in thick jungle being by no means an animal to be trifled with). We determined, therefore—having first got up trees commanding the jungle—to put in a herd of buffaloes, to try and find out his whereabouts. This plan, too, was quite unproductive of results, and there was nothing for it but to follow up the blood and take our chance; this we proceeded to do (on my part, at any rate, with a certain amount of trepidation, as I have the very greatest respect for wounded wild beasts), and we were eventually rewarded.

The marks of blood, which were at first plentiful, led us for some distance through the jungle, but, just as evening was coming on, they vanished entirely, ceasing to give us any further idea of the direction we should take. This was annoying, and we were just about to give up and go home, when a shot, followed by a general stampede, was heard at the end of our line. It turned out that the Sikh shikari (to whom I had given my shot-gun loaded with ball) was at the bottom of the disturbance, and that he had loosed off at the panther lying quite dead under a bush; he had missed him, like a man not being accustomed, as he explained, to European shot-guns, so that it was fortunate he was dead; he looked dangerously life-like, all the same, as he lay under the bush in the half-light, so that a certain amount of panic was excusable. He proved to be a male 7ft. 6in. long, and a really fine specimen of his kind; what I had taken for his shoulder had really been his hind quarters, so that instead of shooting behind the one I had shot in front of the other, and if it had not been for the heavy 12-bore bullet, which had passed right through him, making a terrible mess as it went, we might have had serious trouble.

It is hardly necessary to add, that the villagers were very glad to get rid of their neighbour, in spite of their obstruction, and that their belief in the European sportsman was somewhat restored.

THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.



Lafayette.

LORD CADOGAN'S HOUSE-PARTY.

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TO Irishmen, and perhaps even more to Irishwomen, the Dublin Horse Show is the sporting and social event of the year, and it is to be feared that on this side of the Irish Channel its importance is not appreciated adequately. It is, in truth, not merely a brilliant social function, which fills Dublin to overflowing and sends the hotel prices up to a very high figure, but also it is probably the finest show of horses in general, and of hunters in particular, to be seen in the world. That the show which was held last week should eclipse its predecessor was hardly to be expected, for last year the great equine festival coincided with the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York, which attracted a huge concourse of visitors to Dublin. Moreover, Their Royal Highnesses were not content with one visit to the ground at Ball's Bridge, but appeared twice in the Royal box, and stayed for a long time on both occasions. Still, the attendance of this year, 59,000 odd, against 66,000 last year, was distinctly satisfactory, and the scene was as animated as ever. Very just is the remark made by the *Irish Field* that, if it be true of Ireland on the one hand that "the country is above all others eminently suited to the culture of bloodstock, it is equally correct on the other hand to say that it is only within the last decade or so that Paddy had seriously turned his attention to the more improved way of turning his natural advantages into real account," and that the results are very

notable. The list of notable horses produced in Ireland of late years is, indeed, very striking. Galtee More, Bellevin, Lesterlin, Clorane, Delphos, Laodamia, Comedy, Kilcock, Winkfield's Pride, Green Lawn, Baldoyle, and the Noble Duchess colt—these are animals of which the Emerald Isle may well be proud. This year some 800 hunters, a far greater number than our space permits us to notice individually, were shown, and there was no denying that the standard of quality was very high. Amongst so many horses which almost defied criticism, it is difficult to say which was absolutely the best; but there can be no question that, in Golden Ray, Major Balfe, the popular Master of the Roscommon Stag-hounds, has a four year old chestnut gelding with a great future before him. To Golden Ray, who is by Connaught, we should have been disposed to award the championship for looks and action and general quality, and the judges were of the like opinion, for Golden Ray won champion honours. Nor were ladies' hunters neglected. The *Ladies' Field* had, most appropriately, come to the fore with a prize for the best lady's hunter. The prize, a beautifully-chased silver bowl, made by West, of Dublin, in exact fac-simile of a bowl of the period of George IV., was won by Mrs. T. E. Harrison's Aladdin, by Dauntless, an admirable, well-mannered, and powerful hunter.

FROM THE PAVILION.

LANCASHIRE seemed to feel the loss of Mr. MacLaren very severely in the Middlesex match. Virtually he was able to take no part in either innings, and it is impossible to estimate the exact share that this had in the result. But in any case it is certain that the Middlesex team are finishing the season very strongly, and their bowling and fielding that ended the match in two days was nearly irresistible. Albert Ward played good cricket for the losers, and Mr. Ford's characteristic 76 and Mr. Cobb's not out innings of 55 were the features of the victors' batting.

And Yorkshire settled all doubts about the county championship by making a fine win of their match with Sussex. There were many good things done in

this match—a century and a-half by Brown, and some wonderfully good work by Tunnicliffe, following on the great doings of these two at Derbyshire; and the re-ult of both the Sussex innings showed how much the county depended on Mr. Fry, for in the first innings his grand 179 not out saved a situation which but for him would have been desperate, in face of Yorkshire's total of upwards of four centuries, and in the second innings, when he failed to score, no one could do anything to retrieve his failure. Young Humphreys played a very valuable innings of 32 not out, and with Parris nearly played out time, but the end came with five minutes to spare. But what we especially like to see is the unselfish and sportsmanlike spirit of Yorkshire cricket—the innings being declared closed

when Tunnicliffe was firmly set or 83. But there was no delaying matters to let him make a century. The closure was declared, and the county gained the championship. This fine spirit that they have shown throughout, and that has made their win so popular, is fully as admirable as the remarkable all-round cricketing power of the champion county. Of these all-round fine qualities it is not easy to speak highly enough. The bowling of Rhodes is not to be forgotten (in his first season for the county, too) in face of the perhaps more conspicuous success of the chief batsmen.

While Yorkshire were beating Sussex, Gloucestershire were giving Surrey an experience of much the same kind. At a certain point there was more than the ghost of a chance that the Surrey men might save the match, but Mr. Troup followed up his recent good work with a very valuable 46, and with assistance from Mr. Champain and Mr. Jessop, the match was won by five wickets. Mr. Jessop took some wickets, but Mr. Townsend did most of the execution, besides scoring 68 runs in the first innings.

Essex gave themselves too much to do with Kent when they let the latter, by good batting all down the list, gain a lead of a century and a-half. In the second venture, Carpenter played a gallant innings of 103, but he did not get very much support. Still Kent had to get 120 to win, which they conceivably might have failed to do. But Mr. Burnup, Mr. Patterson, and A. Hearne all batted well, the last-named scoring 48, not out, on top of 51 in the first innings, and the match was won with the loss of three wickets only. Mr. Kortright batted well in both innings, but could not get a wicket.

Mr. C. de Trafford made a good score in Leicestershire's second innings against Warwickshire, on which he is the more to be congratulated because he has been far below his true form all the season. Others of the team, notably Mr. Wood and Geeson, played good innings, but the Warwickshire batting was more than equal to the occasion, Quaife, Diver, and Mr. Glover all scoring freely in the second innings. Santall and Kinnear were the highest scorers of the first innings, and in the end the ill-fated team of Leicestershire had to take yet another easy beating.

It was very satisfactory to see Tyldesley scoring so finely against Derbyshire, though one may well pity that unfortunate Peak county for so often being the victim of heavy scoring. But Tyldesley's double century was especially well deserved, because he has batted so very well all through the season, and yet has only once previously scored a century.

The cold and wintry weather, following the great heat wave, made things not very comfortable at the Scarborough festival, but Brown again got a century, and Tunnicliffe in the first innings also did well. In the second both failed—this was against the M.C.C.'s good scoring—but Mr. Jackson both bowled and batted well; and Rhodes, too, was in form, and took several wickets. Lord Hawke has reason to take immense pride in the cricket of his county, to which he has devoted himself so ungrudgingly; and it is impossible to say how much the cricket of the county owes him, both on account of its success, and of the gallant spirit in which the success has been won.

Mr. Ford and Mr. Douglas proved again, at Kent's expense, what a strong side Middlesex, in their tail-end-of-the-season form, must be. And the men of Kent did well too, but the four and a-half centuries of the Middlesex total was heavy metal to fight against. Mr. Mason was very successful both with bat and ball.

And yet again there was heavy scoring in the Surrey and Somerset match—Richardson we were glad to see taking wickets, though at heavy cost; but Surrey seldom do well in the West. Mr. Palaret, on the other hand, seems to keep all his good scores for the West. He and Mr. W. N. Roe both made a century, and Somersetshire wanted a little encouragement. LONG-SLIP.



IF there is one place above another at which I would rather be with my cycle at the present moment it is the Engadine, and I do not think that any wheelman who has visited that lovely region would quarrel with my preference. As a cycling ground it is absolutely unique in Europe. What could be grander, from the cyclist's point of view, than to find oneself in a valley sixty miles in length, bounded by snow-capped mountains, and yet itself attaining an altitude of over 7,000ft., and being some 4,000ft. above the sea even at its lowest point. This means that the wheelman, though riding mile after mile amid the most entrancing scenery, is nevertheless much higher than the top of any mountain in Great Britain, and therefore breathes a most invigorating atmosphere, the effect of which is to well-nigh banish fatigue.

To get to the Engadine there are many routes, but when cycling is concerned there is little doubt as to which is the best. Singularly enough, however, I have as yet met no wheelman who has gone by the way I will describe, although it is the easiest, and at the same time the most comprehensive. All the passes by which the Engadine is reached attain a considerable altitude, every yard of which must be climbed, save in the case of the Fluela. But if one decides to go by the last-named, one may take train for more than half the ascent; for at Landquart is available the highest mountain railway in Europe, which used to stop at Klosters, but is now carried to Davos Platz. Now the Fluela Pass begins at Davos Dörfli, a short distance from Davos Platz, and as the railway is already carried up to an altitude of 5,000ft., a very large slice is taken out of the ascent to the summit of the Fluela, which is 8,835ft. high. The actual ascent from Dörfli is eight and a-quarter miles, and there is a descent, much of which is rideable, on the other side of about nine miles. The scenery is magnificent, and the journey memorable in every way. At the foot one enters the Lower Engadine at the town of Sūs, which is 4,689ft. above the sea, and there begins the magnificent ride all the way to Maloja, passing Pontresina, St. Moritz, and other well-known Engadine resorts. On the charms of this ride one could enlarge without cessation; it is absolutely sublime, and should be taken by every cyclist who tours in Switzerland.

It is capable of numerous extensions, moreover; in fact, it is a veritable paradise. It also presents the advantage of being on the high road to Italy, for at Maloja begins a descent which leads direct to the Italian lakes, the most beautiful in Europe. This descent itself, apart from what precedes it or what awaits one at the end, is an impressive journey. In the twenty-eight miles from the summit of the pass to Colico, at the head of the lake, one has descended over 5,000ft., and crossed the Italian frontier on the way. At the time I passed the Customs I had to deposit 84 lire for my companion and self, on the two machines, but the Cyclists' Touring Club has altered all that, and one can get through now without payment of this deposit, and thus avoid the irksome necessity of carrying a lot of superfluous gold. This descent is of a very different character from that down the Fluela. One is always finding one's self in a valley which seems to be the last, but which is sure to open into another, and the process goes on in this way with curious iteration.

A case was reported last week of a cyclist who had his thumb taken off while cleaning his machine. He was holding a cloth to the chain, and it carried his hand on to the sprocket, with the usual result. The frequency with which this species of casualty occurs is astonishing, when one reflects how obvious it is, and the innumerable occasions on which the danger has been pointed out. Cyclists who use gear-cases, of course, are not likely to suffer an accident of this kind; in fact, there are many advantages attending the use of a gear-case in addition to the mere fact that it increases the efficiency of the machine. Without a gear-case, however, it would still not be difficult to avoid an accident when cleaning a chain. The machine should be placed on a stand, and, if a cloth or piece of waste has to be used, the hand should not be held loosely, but should grip some fixed point from which the cloth can be pressed against the chain.

Cycle stands are now on the market as "thick as autumn leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa." The most effective are unfortunately the most expensive, but it does not follow, *per contra*, that the cheapest are the least efficient.

The Norvic stand illustrated herewith will not answer all the purposes of the types which suspend the machine at a fair height from the ground, but as a rest it serves a useful purpose. The two rubber-protected arms are placed round the diagonal and the lower main tube of the frame, and the machine then almost balances itself, the legs of the stand being, of course, at right angles to the machine. There is nothing to prevent a free revolution of each crank, and either wheel may be revolved, but not both simultaneously. The greater weight behind the crank bracket causes the rear wheel to rest on the ground, leaving the front wheel free; but with the stand as a fulcrum the front wheel may be depressed and the rear wheel raised at will for cleaning purposes. As I have said, the stand has not all the virtues of the more expensive articles, but at 3s. it may commend itself to those who do not wish to invest in a more elaborate type.



THE PILGRIM.

ON THE GREEN.

IN the midst of the heat wave, of which we have heard so much, golf playing has been rather a severe business, but the competitions advertised for fixed dates have been brought off in its despite. Under the auspices of the Trefriw and Llanrwst Club a mixed competition of amateurs and professionals has given Mr. Hilton yet another chance of showing that he is as good as any of the professionals in the matter of a scoring competition. The field was not a very large one, but it included Sayers and Alexander Herd, and they are a good pair to do battle for the professional honour. But Mr. Hilton was a match for them both, equalling Sayers' score of 68 for the eighteen holes, and beating Herd by two strokes. Indeed it appears from all accounts that had Mr. Hilton not been a bit unlucky in the matter of over-driving the last green and getting into a rabbit hole on the way to one of the other holes, he would have won outright, with a stroke or so to spare. But of course it may well be that the others had slices of bad luck too, which are not recorded. In any case the amateur, who is open ex-champion, did fully enough to keep his reputation alive.

The best nett score returned at the meeting of the Hunstanton Golf Club was that of the Reverend H. E. Thursby; and another very steady golfer who did good work at the meeting is Mr. P. L. Clark, who won with a handicap of four, on the last day. At Richmond (the Old Deer Park), both Mr. Worthington and Mr. Fry had returns of 81 gross, and the former, penalised but a single stroke, whereas Mr. Fry owes three, was winner of the monthly medal.

A good deal of record breaking has been going on in spite of the heat, and that good, steady player, Peter Paxton, of Furzeclown, has been in a peculiarly good form. He is not at all a powerful driver, so it is the greater credit to his skill that he holds his own as he does with stronger players of the long game. As a short game player he is not to be surpassed, and quite lately he has held the course at Tooting in the very low score of 69.

We see a good deal of correspondence going on about the indiscriminate way in which the name of "championship" is given to competitions for which only a few of the best players enter, and which are under the rule of no recognised bodies with any authority to give them such a title. It seems a good deal of fuss to make about a small matter. If a man likes to call himself champion of Scotland by virtue of winning a prize given by a Scottish newspaper, why should he not do so? All golfers know enough of golfing matters, and manners, to rate his title at its proper worth, so no great harm is done.

The summer tournament of the club at Deal, the Royal Cinque Ports, which always has a good entry, was won this year by one of the most heavily handicapped of the competitors, Mr. A. Schacht, who was penalised two strokes. With him, in the final tie, was Mr. Struthers, who received eight, and all through the tournament the close matches justified the handicap committee of their wisdom.

Those old antagonists, Andrew Kirkaldy and young A. H. Scott, of Elie, have been playing a thirty-six hole match at St. Andrews which caused a deal of interest. In a recent duel, over St. Andrews and Elie, it may be remembered that Kirkaldy won a hard fight. In this case he had all the pull of local knowledge. He played a powerful game in the morning, and caught Scott a little "off." The latter took 85 to the round, and Kirkaldy was six up at the end of eighteen holes. In the afternoon Scott played much better, and gained on Kirkaldy, but the latter won.



SINCE the introduction of the bar-frame, or movable comb hive, bee-keeping has made rapid progress in this country, the movable comb system being considered by the most advanced apiarians indispensable both to profitable bee-keeping and in the study of the natural history of these most interesting insects. Although bees will work in almost any kind of receptacle in which they may be hived, and very good results are often obtained from the old-fashioned straw skep, there can be no

doubt that bees succeed better in hives that can be adjusted to their requirements from time to time. In the use of the bar-frame hive the apiarian has complete control over his bees, as he is able to interchange combs from one stock to another, to strengthen weak colonies by exchanging empty combs for combs containing brood removed from strong hives, and to control swarming, and so save much valuable time in the honey season both to the bees and the bee-keeper; for when left to swarm

naturally, as under the straw skep system, it is necessary to watch the hives, lest a swarm should depart unseen and become fugitive. Then, again, bees are apt to hang out of the hive in a cluster, and lose much time in the height of the honey season, this clustering arising through the hive being full of honey and brood, and the bees thus forced to remain idle while waiting till the old queen is ready to accompany them in a swarm to form a new colony. In the frame hive artificial swarming can be performed as soon as there are signs of over-crowding. The artificial swarm, being put into a new hive, immediately resume work, and the best results are obtained from the honey flow.

The honey harvest is of but short duration, and the great object of the modern bee-keeper is to work his bees as hard as possible while it lasts. Then another thing in favour of the bar-frame hive is that it admits of the removal of the honey-combs as they become filled, the honey being extracted by means of the honey extractor, and the combs returned to the hive to be refilled. In a good honey season the same combs can be extracted several times, making the yield per hive far higher than anything obtainable from fixed comb hives. Another great advantage possessed by the frame hive is that it can be expanded or contracted, according to the strength of the population, by means of movable division boards, thus utilising the heat of the hive to the rapid increase of the brood. The keeping of colonies strong by stimulative feeding at the right season, and the giving of space in advance of the requirements of the bees, are two of the main points kept in view in improved bee-keeping. If only cells enough can be secured by the queen for depositing eggs, the number laid by her in one season is remarkable; for weeks in succession, in the height of the season, she will lay, it is



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COMBS IN STRAW SKEP.

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C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. SUBDUING BEES WITH BELLOWS-SMOKER.

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computed, from 1,000 to 2,000 eggs daily; these are hatched in from three to five days by the natural warmth of the hive. On being hatched, the small white grub is provided with a whitish fluid by the nurse bees; about the ninth day it attains its full growth, when the supply of food is discontinued, and the mouth of the cell closed up with a capping of wax; upon the larvæ being enclosed it at once begins to line the sides of its cell and encase its own body with fine silken threads, and gradually undergoes a great change, becoming clothed with a harder coating having dark brown scales. About the twenty-first day from that on which the egg was laid the perfect worker bee, gnawing through the cover, emerges from the cell. During the summer months the life of the worker bees is very short, not longer than six or eight weeks, being soon worn out with hard work in gathering and laying up stores for the next generation. A prosperous colony numbers from 20,000 to 50,000 workers, a few hundred drones, which are called into existence at the approach of the swarming season, and one queen, who lays the eggs from which all the inhabitants of the hive are produced.

Cells in which queens are reared resemble somewhat an acorn in shape, being about an inch in depth—much more capacious than those of drones or workers—are usually placed on the ends of the combs, and are formed with their mouths downwards. At the time the eggs are laid in them, these cells are in an unfinished state, but are gradually enlarged as the royal grubs increase in size. When a queen is hatched the walls of the cell, which are strongly and thickly built, are cut down to the shape of a small acorn cup, and the wax of which they are composed used elsewhere. A curious and interesting fact in the economy of the hive is that the bees have the power of raising queens from worker grubs. When a queen is lost, or dies unexpectedly, and there are no grubs or eggs in queen cells, the bees, having chosen a worker grub not more than three days from the egg, remove the walls of two of the adjoining cells, thus making the cell containing the grub three times more capacious, work it out into the shape of a queen cell, give the grub special attention, and feed it upon the same kind of food as that supplied to royal larvæ, the result being that the grub which, if left undisturbed, would have developed into a worker bee in twenty-one days,



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EXAMINING COMBS FOR QUEEN.

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comes forth from the prepared cell in about fourteen days a perfect queen. This is, indeed, a wise provision of Nature, for a queenless colony must necessarily soon die out from the non-increase of population.

A great drawback to some who would otherwise be glad to enter into this interesting pursuit, is the dread of being stung, and doubtless to some constitutions the sting of a bee is a serious matter; but the chances of being stung may be greatly reduced, and the confidence of the would-be bee-keeper greatly strengthened, if the precaution of wearing a veil be taken when performing any operation about the hives. Another great point to be observed in the manipulation of bees is gentleness, they being easily excited to anger by any quick or sudden movements on the part of the operator. Gloves are sometimes worn, made of double thickness, as a precaution against stings upon the hands, but they often prove much in the way, and are soon discarded as confidence and coolness take the place of timidity. A good bee-veil, to be obtained of most dealers in apiarian appliances, is made of finely-woven wire, which cannot be blown against the face in windy weather, while it does not hinder the sight or confine the breath.

The effect of injecting smoke into the hive is to alarm the bees, when they fill themselves with honey from the uncapped cells as at swarming time, and in this gorged state they are but little disposed to use their stings. The bellows-smoker is a very handy little affair, and should always be within reach in the manipulation of hives, being furnished with smouldering touchwood or brown paper, that a little smoke may at any moment be blown into the hive or upon the bees should they show signs of becoming spiteful. If the smoker is placed on end, the fuel will continue to burn for a long time, there being sufficient draught through the tube to keep it smouldering. Being fortified with veil and gloves, the most timid may remove combs and bees from frame hives, secure the queen, make artificial swarms, and so forth; and although it is not good policy to unduly disturb the internal arrangements of the hive, most advanced bee-keepers overhaul their hives at the close of the honey season, to ascertain their condition as to stores, brood, the presence of queen, etc., and in order to do so thoroughly the hive is removed from its stand and the bars of comb with the adhering bees transferred to a fresh hive placed upon the old stand, each comb being examined as removed. Should neither queen nor brood be



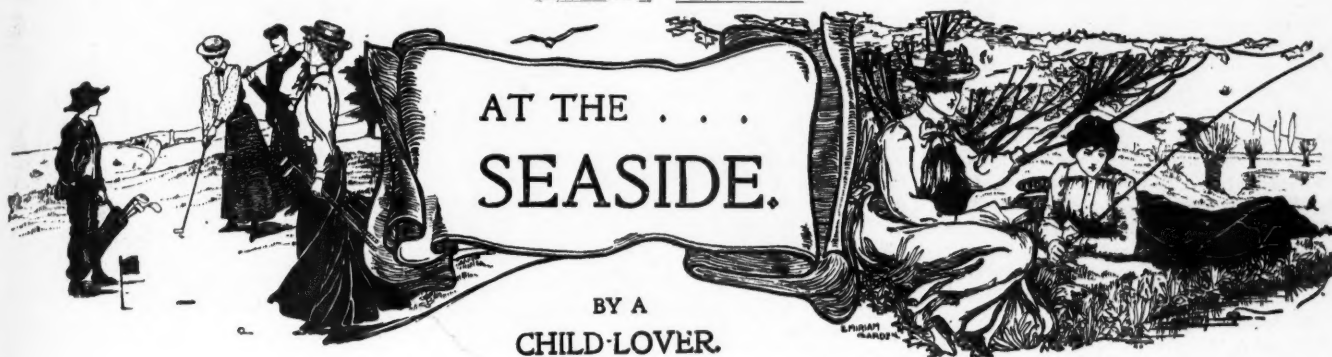
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A MODERN APIARY.

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found, the colony is united to other stocks, while to hives that are found to be short of stores, arrangements are made for a supply of syrup both to make up weight of stores and to encourage brood rearing to render the population strong for the winter. In the spring stocks are equalised, as breeding increases, by giving weak colonies frames of brood from strong hives and putting frames of comb foundation in the place of combs removed; weak stocks are quickly made strong in this way, and become in good

condition to take full advantage of the first honey flow of the season. Or a comb containing a small quantity of brood is put in the place of a comb containing much, or a frame of empty comb is placed in the centre of the brood-nest. All these operations, if performed with care and during mild weather in the early spring, tend to stimulate the bees to rear much more brood than they otherwise would, the golden rule of the bee-keeper being to keep all hives strong in population.



WE started our aquarium about a week after we got to the seaside, and in a short time had made a wonderful collection of live and smelly things, that grew a deal more smelly when they died (as they often did). But we did not mind, and toiled up and down from the beach with canfuls of fresh salt water for the survivors daily. Also there were many things of which it was really hard to know whether they were alive or dead—the sea anemones, for instance. Low tide, of course, was the great time for collecting things for the aquarium, and, indeed, the most interesting time on the beach all round. At high tide there was nothing to be done but just take off shoes and stockings and let the wavelets come washing up over feet uncomfortably standing on the pebbly beach. No live things, worth speaking of, ever found their way up as far as this. There was, of course, bathing from the machines, but we did not encourage the children in this, and they liked paddling or BOAT SAILING better.

It was charming to watch the manners—the characters—of the children. There is no little demand made on their courage when first they are introduced to the waves that come lapping up, curling over so threateningly, and dragging at their feet, in such an unaccountable way, with the back wash. There is generally a certain amount of weeping accompaniment to the FIRST STEPS. Commonly we find the little girls, always the more precocious sex, braver than the little boys, and it is splendid to see the condescension of all children to one a little younger than themselves who is going for the first time over a path that



C. Hussey.

BOAT SAILING.

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their experience has already traversed. The immense interest, the infinite and unsolicited advice, are so amusing. Children are so like what we all are inside, with the exterior wrappings taken off. This phase of our life at the seaside you may see, I think, very well illustrated by both the second and the third of these pictures—the second showing the older children watching so minutely the first steps of the baby who is being dangled, rather than supported, in the shallow water, and the third depicting a little girl leading by the hand HER YOUNGER BROTHER—he being big enough, by the bye, and old enough, to be braver.

But this question of courage, after all, is a very curious one. No mortal, it is said, is wise at all hours, and equally it seems true that no mortal is brave at all hours. There is no accounting for the braveries and the timidities of men or of children either. They seem completely at the caprice of some demon in the matter. This very little boy, whom you see needing the support of a sister's hand as he paddles through the dangers of a 4in.-deep wave, he was the very daring spirit who waded out goodness only knows how deep, far over his little middle, with a very excellent chance of being drowned, in order to achieve the gallant adventure of boarding the derelict hulk.

Our beach, you ought to know, at this seaside is divided into two distinct parts, with distinct features. There is the fashionable part, where the boats are, and the bathing machines, and the nigger minstrels, and the men who eat flaming tow, and all these pleasant gentlemen, and there is another part, away to the westward, where it is all desolate, where the beach is sandier and less pebbly—in every



C. Hussey.

FIRST STEPS.

Copyright

way infinitely preferable, as I deemed. All the children were not of the same opinion, but now and again a few of them would consent to make an expedition, in a little band, to that Far West, where, at an immense distance out to sea (looking, that is to say, through the magnifying glasses of childhood's eyes—about 15yds. from the normal level of low tides), lay THE DERELICT HULK. It was always an object of ambition, generally of unsatisfied ambition, with the children to go out to this hulk. Generally the tide was not low enough, or when that had been nicely calculated, the children's courage failed; or when all else went right, the nurse's attention would not let itself be distracted at the proper moment; so that, for one reason or another, nine times out of ten the children came back to the fashionable beach without having accomplished their desperate purpose of boarding the hulk. I have heard one or two of them saying to each other, as a boy or girl passed them, "He" (or "she") "has been out to the hulk," and the other would say "No!" with roundly open wondering eyes, and they would gaze after this hero or heroine as long as he or she remained in sight. So there was a sort of *cachet* among the children, a test of distinguished hardihood and brave things done, to dub one of themselves as one who had "been to the hulk."

This little boy went—this little boy whose sister had to lead him through the 4in. waves. And what incited him to brave such peril—for it really was peril (peril he never ought to have run, and never would have run, had not his nurse been engrossed with one of the other children for the moment)? But, she being so engrossed, he dashed desperately into the water, and was across, providentially guided and sustained, before she could look round. The incitement surely must have been some heroic quality, inherited perhaps from ancestors who had gone a-Viking, and whose inherited spirit was reawakened by the aspect of the old ship. After that, this boy would go into any waves. He seemed to have come, all at once, into his inheritance of more than British pluck. His example, let it be said at once, is one that no good British boy should emulate. He ought to have the pluck to go, if it could do any good, but not the unruliness to go when it was useless and forbidden. It is a very British maxim that you must learn to obey before you can learn to command.

There were other charming little comedies of the child-folk that the beach had to show one. The introductions of strange children to one another were irresistibly funny. Generally it was a meeting between children



C. Hussey.

HER YOUNGER BROTHER.

Copyright



C. Hussey.

A BOLD ONE TO TWO SHY ONES.

Copyright

of whom both parties were shy that was so entertaining, but occasionally there would be A BOLD ONE TO TWO SHY ONES, as in the above picture.

Then the manner in which the advances were made, gradually breaking through the crust of reserve with which they were received, was an interesting study of the human document. The children all had their own favourites among the black singers—that is to say the corked-face singers—and the goat carriage people. There were plenty of side interests of this kind; but after once the aquarium was started there was no other interest that really competed with the solid and undying interest of this. It gave so much occupation. It constantly needed replenishing, whether because of a death among the inmates, or because of the discovery of a new species to put in, and there was always the water to be renewed. One has to hope sincerely that these aquarium creatures are not very susceptible to pain, for the way in which the children probed the periwinkle and other shells to see if there were a living body inside was blood-curdling. Our best and most interesting friend in the aquarium was Shylock, the hermit crab. He outgrew his shell once, in course of our



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THE DERELICT HULK.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

keeping him, and found new quarters among the shells that formed the paving of our aquarium—that is to say of our bath. It was altogether a most delightful time. It adds so infinitely to one's pleasure and to the children's pleasure to take comfort in the theory that salt water cannot give cold, and really it does seem to have some foundation in fact.



ORNAMENTAL GOURDS.

THE Gourd is a stranger to many English gardens, but this is a pity. Its quaint shapes and bold leafage adapt it for many positions, and for years many kinds have been planted in the Royal Gardens, Kew, trained against poles on either side of the chief walk in the herbaceous garden. They add a quaint touch to the place, and, when the fruits attain size, are showy and varied in colour, from white through yellow to deep orange, whilst there are pear-shaped, bottle-shaped, and many other strange varieties. The Gourds are useful to run over out-buildings which it is desired to hide in part or across poles over kitchen garden paths. Seed is very easily raised in heat in spring, and the seedlings should be treated the same as vegetable Marrows.

THE CATALPAS.

The Catalpa is a beautiful lawn tree and precious too for its late flowering. In many Thames-side gardens at this time, the leafy spreading trees are in full bloom, and the loose flower spikes with dark blotches inside remind one of those of the Horse Chestnut. The tree does not attain a great height, but spreads out freely, and the bold leafage is handsome. The reason why the Catalpa is so fine near the water is because it appreciates moist ground, and a sheltered position is also desirable to prevent the foliage being torn by high winds. The commonest kind is the North American *C. bignonioides*, also known as *C. syriaca*, which may even be planted by the margin of a lake or stream. Under such circumstances, however, it is not so hardy as in drier soils. Another important point is its smoke-resisting powers, hence it is often planted in town gardens; so that although a moist soil gives the finest foliage, it is not essential to healthy growth. The golden-leaved variety is very handsome, and does not get burnt by the summer sun, as in the case of many variegated trees and shrubs. *C. speciosa*, doubtless a form of *C. bignonioides*, is well spoken of, and there are two kinds little known also, one from China named *C. Bungei*, and the other from Japan, namely, *C. Kämpferi*. They are of smaller growth and less hardy.

THE SALPIGLOSSIS.

We wish these beautiful annual flowers were more appreciated by flower gardeners. It is the Orchid of the annuals, and when the plants are grown in a rich loamy soil, not too dry, the graceful stems rise over 2ft. high, bearing flowers in profusion like small *Petunias*, and wonderfully coloured. They are veined and striped with pretty tints, but we delight most in the pure selfs or shaded flowers, which should always be selected for seed. Rich yellow, or shades of it, crimson, brown, lemon, cream, purple, and other colours may be obtained in seedlings raised from the best seed. Being half-hardy, it is necessary to sow the seed in gentle warmth in the very early spring, putting out the plants when frosts are over.

ROSE CAROLINE TESTOUT.

Although a new Rose, comparatively, each year it is more largely grown in gardens, and this is not surprising, when one considers its many virtues. It is a hybrid Tea, that peculiar class so near to the true Teas, that in many instances it is impossible to discern where distinctness exists, and of a clear silvery rose colour, shading to a paler tint towards the margins of the petals. The flowers are sweetly scented, last well when cut, and borne freely on plants of strong growth. A bed or group of this Rose is always effective, and it possesses a charming characteristic of the Tea race—autumn flowering. The plants should be upon the Brier stock or their own roots.

PENTSTEMON BARBATUS.

The finest bed we have seen of this was in beauty a few days ago on the turf near the palm house at Kew. It is also known as *Chelone barbata*, and the bold group of it at Kew shows how effective a flower is when massed. The scarlet flowers crowd upon graceful stems fully 2ft. in height, sometimes more, and whether the plants are associated with the white peach-leaved Bellflower (*Campanula persicifolia alba*), or grouped by themselves,

they are delightful for their colour and grace. *Torreyi* is the best form, and is hardier than the species. A moderately light soil and not too exposed position are requisite for this *Pentstemon*.

CARNATION MEPHISTO.

Amongst self-coloured border Carnations this should be grown for its fine Clove colour and scent. The flowers are of very fine form, and the plant is free and strong in growth. We have lately seen several groups of it, and the colour is always rich. As layers will soon be ready for planting out, this kind should be tried for grouping in the garden by itself or with Tea Roses, a light-coloured variety, such as *Edith Gifford*.

THE FUCHSIA IN THE SUMMER GARDEN.

Of late years the Fuchsia has been used more liberally in the summer garden, and it was no gain to leave it out of the beds, whether in town parks or country gardens. Few flowers are more graceful in growth, or more free-blooming, and large specimens can be easily kept through the winter in an out-house or similar place where they will not be exposed to frost. Varieties of distinct colours should be chosen, those, for example, with dark corollas and red tubes and sepals, not, however, the double kinds, which are not so satisfactory as a rule in the open, nor so elegant in form. We enjoy plants that attain 3ft. or more in height, which may be made use of for the centres of beds, or to place several together on the grass with the pots inserted in the soil. In the same way the Helio-rope, the Zonal Pelargonium, *Erythrina*, *Plumbago capensis*, *Agapanthus umbellatus*, and other tender plants may be treated.

THE CRESTED AND WILLOW GENTIAN.

Gentiana septemfida is one of the most charming plants in bloom now in the rock garden or border. Its clusters of blue cylindrical-shaped flowers appear at the end of the shoots, which vary from 6in. to 1ft. in height. Peaty, moist soil suits this species best, and its blue colouring is welcome at this time. The Willow Gentian (*G. asclepiadea*) is freer altogether, and dies down every year. But its robustness is a distinct charm, and established masses in a moist, shady corner are covered in bloom during the autumn, the flowers lining the stems. It is so strong that it may be readily naturalised, and it is never handsomer than amongst grass in the woodland. The white variety *alba* is as robust as the species.

THE MIXED BORDER.

Our illustration tells its own tale. It depicts a quiet border of hardy flowers, which is happily a feature in the best English gardens. Here from the time of Christmas Roses until the last of the Starworts has faded, a succession of interesting and beautiful flowers is maintained—Daffodils, Peonies, Larkspurs, Roses, Phloxes, and many other perennials dear to us. Amid leafy surroundings, such as the illustration reveals, the colours of the flowers gain in depth and beauty, whilst upon the wall fruit trees may be grown, varied with Roses and other precious flowering climbers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist our readers in gardening matters, whether concerning the flower, fruit, or kitchen garden. We hope also our readers will send notes of likely interest to others.



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A MIXED BORDER OF HARDY FLOWERS.

"Country Life."

THE VILLAGE STREET.

A DAY may come when the motor-car will complete the revolution which the bicycle has commenced, and distance from a railway station prove no impediment to hordes of holiday tourists invading the quietest and most secluded of our English villages. Then, perhaps, in some exhibition our descendants will gaze admiringly upon the presentment of the "Old English Village Street" as we behold it nowadays. There are various types of the English village. There are the little hamlets which lie nestled amid the hollows of the South

Downs, "like jewels set in a ring," sometimes so hidden by trees that the traveller comes upon them quite as a surprise when he descends, upon their roofs as it were, from the hills. Sometimes the village is situated on the borders of the lonely West Country moors, where the purple heather gleams in the autumnal sun, and the snow lies thick and long during the winter months. We are all familiar with the typical English village as represented upon the canvas of countless artists, who appear to find an infinite fascination in the quaint timbered houses with their

thatched roofs, the old inn, with its horse-trough and bench before the door, the village Cross, the inevitable pond, possibly the haunted house at the outskirts of the hamlet, wherein no one has dwelt since some sinister story was connected with the abode many years—perhaps many centuries—ago. Fifteenth and even fourteenth century houses still exist in many an English village (Muchelney, in Somerset, and Alfriston, in Sussex, possess quaint specimens of pre-Reformation vicarages, the former still inhabited by cottagers), and in many localities old-world abodes, with dark oak rafters and cosy chimney corners, are the usual style of village architecture, modern dwellings being the exception, not the rule. How delightful it is to stroll along such a village street on a fine summer's day. There is a sense of rest and quietude in the very air, as though "that good old gentleman Leisure," whom our restless age is supposed to have killed, was still residing in this favoured locality, and peacefully "counting his peaches on the garden wall." A scorching bicyclist may dash past in a cloud of dust, but is out of sight before the jarring note of his presence has become painfully obvious; while in many a rustic locality some such warning as "This hill is dangerous for cyclists," affixed to the main road which leads to the hamlet, keeps the village street comparatively free from wheel-folk. But the sturdy pedestrian who would not blench at the warning—

"This road is impassable,
Not even jack-assable"

(a description, by the way, which might very truly be applied to many a West Country lane after long-continued snow or rain) can saunter along fearlessly. One marked peculiarity of the village street, common to all such localities, is that the inhabitants of the houses around use it as a kind of additional reception-room, and are wont to transact their business, or to hold social gatherings, in the centre of the road, wholly regardless of the condition of the weather. Women, returning from the pond with their pails of water, will stand and gossip for a quarter of



Frith.

COCKINGTON VILLAGE.

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an hour with a neighbour under a drizzling rain or in a cutting wind; and it is rarely, save upon the coldest days, that the doors of any of the village houses are closed. As the traveller passes up the street he can obtain at every threshold glimpses of quaint old-fashioned cottage interiors, with their snug chimney corners, their grandfather clocks, their dark oak settles and deeply-recessed window seats, usually set thick with pots of scarlet geraniums and other gaily-coloured flowers.

Old crones sit knitting in some of the open doorways; or a brisk, tidy housewife will stand there with a piece of needlework in her fingers as she gossips shrilly across the road to a neighbour, keeping the while a watchful eye upon her younger children who are playing about in the road. Children abound in every village street—children who run, or totter, or crawl; it behoves the driver of any vehicle to "gae canny," as the Scotch say, lest he injure some of the little ones who swarm in the road (out of school time, at least), and who never appear to think it at all incumbent upon them to look after their own safety. Certainly but few vehicles ever pass down the village street. Sometimes a vigilant mother will swoop down upon one of her offspring like a kite upon a pigeon, and bear it away yelling and struggling; while other "rebel heroes" of tender years scream and kick behind the rude wooden barricade which prudent rustic parents usually erect in front of their doorways when they desire to keep their little ones from straying into the street.

Modern village life still preserves many of the features of mediæval social existence; now, as then, privacy is neither obtainable nor desired; the neighbours know everything, just as they did in Chaucer's time, and the village gossips congregate at the smithy and the ale-house, as in the days when the ancient proverb ranked these localities as the chief centres from whence "men brought tidings."

Yonder village Cross is still a reminder of the days when a market (discontinued centuries ago) was once held here, many of our English villages being quieter (and even less populous) in the present than they were in a past generation. The dying out of the Sussex iron forges (whose existence is still commemorated in the names of many a "Hammer



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ALFRISTON VILLAGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Pond"); the establishment of a railway miles away, which diverted the old road traffic which once flowed through the village street; the steady migration of our rural population, of all ranks, to the towns—these and other causes have contributed to make many an English village a less busy and populous resort in the present day than it was in the time when Goldsmith, and Shenstone, and Miss Mitford lovingly described such localities, or Hood followed in their steps with good-humoured banter.

The village inn and the village shop are with us still; the former much as Goldsmith has described it, while the latter still continues to "sell everything," just as it did at Hood's "Bullocks Smithy," and is as remarkable for its singular medley of goods as was ever the emporium "kept . . . by the widow of Mr. Task." In one Dartmoor village, clotted cream and all descriptions of boots and shoes, "home-fed pork and sausages" (upon what does a sausage feed?), are all retailed under the same roof; while another village store, besides supplying an extraordinarily multifarious selection of articles, long bore in its window the somewhat enigmatical announcement, "Families' own hams and tongues smoked here."

At one end of the village street stands the grey old church, where generations of villagers have worshipped through the

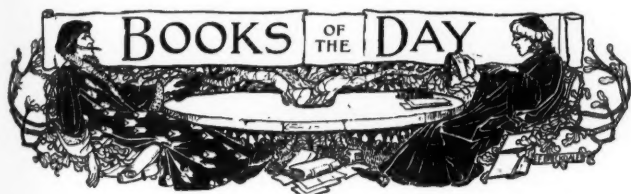


centuries. Surrounding the church is the churchyard, where the village dead are laid to rest (as Herrick wished to be), in a spot where their kindred will often pass by their graves, and may therefore then "think upon" the sleepers under the daisies. For the village churchyard is not, like the town cemetery, traversed only by funeral processions, given up to the sole use of the mourners and the dead. The pathway across the village churchyard is a familiar, well-frequented thoroughfare; rustic lovers linger under the churchyard elms on fine evenings; bridal and christening parties enter at the churchyard gate as frequently as do the funeral ones.

The village congregation passes along the churchyard path every Sunday, many of its members lingering perchance to place a posy of cottage flowers upon some loved and remembered grave—perhaps a truer tribute of "love and memory" than is shown in many a costly marble monument.

The Nature-loving mediæval poet who directed that he should be buried where the birds of the air could be daily fed upon his tombstone, might have approved, for his last resting-place, of the peaceful, sunny churchyard which is found encircling an ancient church at the termination of many an English village street.

LUCY HARDY.



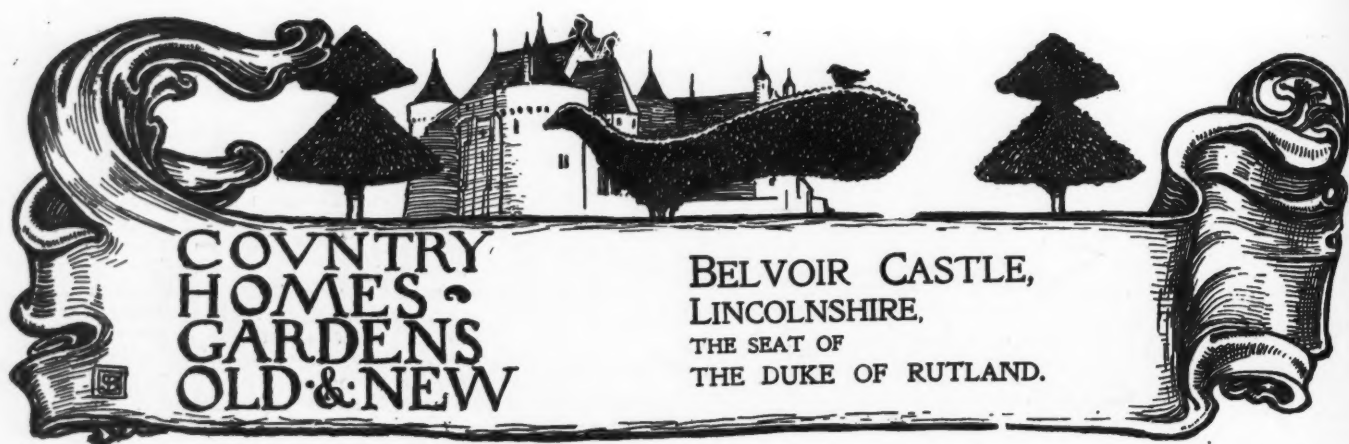
THERE is a good deal to be said for merciful silence on the part of the reviewer, or book-taster, when he happens upon a volume of poor quality. But there are exceptional cases which call for different treatment, and these are the instances in which the author's errors are amusing and a fair subject for laughter. An earnest, painstaking man may write a dull or a mistaken book. He deserves sympathy, for he has laboured in vain. Occasional slips in matters of phrase and grammar may be pardoned readily, but a writer who is for ever plunging into the mysteries of many languages, who uses foreign phrases wildly, like a blind man trying to pick up white stones on a pebbly beach, is a fair subject for gentle badinage. To this last class belongs Mr. Charles J. H. Halcombe, author of "Tales of Far Cathay" and "The Mystic Flowery Land"—books of which I know nothing—and of "The Love of a Former Life" (John Long). Mr. Halcombe starts upon a good idea, to wit, that love at first sight, in Sir John Lubbock's words, "sounds like an imprudence, and yet almost is a revelation. It seems as if we were but renewing the relations of a previous existence." Nor is the main burden of the plot carried out amiss on the whole, although there is rather a superabundance of dull passages. But the flood of childish and pretentious errors is so great that the reader's attention is altogether distracted by them. One forgets the story altogether; one reads on from page to page wondering what extraordinary mistake the good man will make next. Scene the first is at Imperial Rome, at the time of Caracalla. The hero is Liello Maximus—no Roman of that date could have been named Liello—and the heroine Lucina Tullus—one might as well say Lucy Mr. Jones. Pontius Hilarius is the villain, and he pays court to Lucina. This is the kind of thing Pontius says: "I perceive, fair lady, that I am a *muscle*, though deprived of its wing; I will hasten, however, with my legs to rid you of my unwelcome presence." How could one man be many flies? Could any language be more awkwardly stilted? Pontius, however, gets the better of Lucina and Liello, for the latter is executed in the arena on a charge of Christianity—"three huge lions sprang forward and dashed their human victims to the ground, the ghastly squelch of flesh and low rapacious growls filling the tainted air." Where's Edgar Poe now? to quote the Scot's saying concerning "Wully" Shakespeare. Lucina stabs herself. New climes, new times, new opportunities of blundering, follow; and they are rarely missed. We meet Lucina next as Althea Lynfield, daughter of Hugh Lynfield, an antiquarian explorer, and "a beautiful woman of Castilian parentage." They are settled in Mexico, and she is in *deshabillé* (*sic*). The next scene is in London, Hugh Lynfield being dead. There Lady Lynfield, in "the superbly furnished saloons of her mansion in Belgravia," says of Althea: "She is a most conceited, an unlovable creature, utterly *soi-disant*. I do so dislike anything of that sort, especially in people of inferior rank." That is delicious, but Lady Lynfield's friend, Mrs. Frendbridge, goes one better. "I am sure, my dear Lady Lynfield, it must sometimes be almost more than you can tolerate, living with such a woman; she seems so very *brusquerie*." Naturally Mrs. Frendbridge has a daughter who was becoming dangerously *passé* (*sic*). A Count d'Alvestra, a new Hilarius, pays attention to and marries Althea, who is really Lucina, and abuses Ferondo, who is really Liello. "I am pleased to see that there is such a marked difference between you and he," she answered, with a smile which meant more than he imagined—regardless of grammar. There is a sad falling off, however, in Liello, the early Christian martyr. Educated at Harrow College, which may exist, but is not the establishment which is soon to lose Mr. Wellton's strong hand, he has taken to opium eating, and has written a novel which no publishers would accept. That novel may, or may not, have been called "The Love of a Former Lie." "Health is everything, dear; and if you can but

leave that horrid opium behind and take a little stimulant instead, the sea air and the change may work wonders." So speaks Althea. Altogether this is a wonderful book, and far more amusing than Mr. Halcombe ever intended that it should be.

Long ago in the "Literary Notes" mention was made of the handsome edition of Nansen's "Farthest North" which Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, have been bringing out in parts, and at a very moderate price. Now the book is complete in two volumes, and its equipment is a surprise and delight to me. To review the contents of the book afresh were a superfluous business, but there is none the less something which requires to be written in connection with the appearance of these two volumes. They bring the great explorer's work as a permanent possession within the reach of many thousands of persons who could not have hoped to acquire it before, and with all respect to the original publishers, the reprint is as convenient and choiceworthy an occupant of the book-case as the first edition. The volumes are not too heavy to be read comfortably in an arm-chair; they open well, which is a rare merit; the print and paper leave nothing to be desired; the illustrations are of a very high order of merit.

Two books on polo lie before me, and both are excellent. The first, by Mr. T. B. Drybrough, is of absolutely present date, and comes from Messrs. Vinton and Co.; the second, by Mr. T. F. Dale, better known as "Stone-Clink," is published by Messrs. Constable. Both are the work of experts, of men who speak with consummate authority; and having regard to the rapid increase in the popularity of the ancient game, which had its origin in Persia in 600 B.C., it is essentially desirable that both should be in the hands of all young players. For polo is a dangerous as well as a fascinating and dashing game, and, as in other games of analogous character, it is where unskilled players are engaged that the danger is greatest. Mr. Drybrough sums up the dangers: "Accidents are very rare among good players. When they do occur they are nearly always caused by reckless young beginners." "I think the bumping-out style of riding out at present indulged in is much too rough, and should be strongly discouraged by umpires." "Dangerous crossing should be severely punished." "Careless pulling across the fore legs of another man's pony," "following dangerously close behind another man's pony," "intentional crosses" at moments of emergency, "reckless use of sticks," are severely reprobated. "I have three times been hit in the face, always by young soldiers," says Mr. Drybrough. The moral would seem to be to avoid playing with young soldiers. Of the history of the game, Mr. Dale, being first in the field, gives far the fuller account; on the practical side of the business both writers are admirable. They teach the young player how to train himself and to educate his pony, how to manage it with economy and efficiency combined. But at best polo must be an expensive business. They tell him of polo in all parts of the world, and they are full of anecdotes. To me, also, there has been a good deal of amusement in their very precise and particular hints to the umpire; and the main impression which they have left on my mind is that the umpire's lot at polo is very far from being happy. Necessarily the two books overlap one another in some measure, but both are of undoubted value and ought to be in the possession of all intending players of the game. There are also many men, to be reckoned among prominent players, who would be none the worse, but rather much the better, if they mastered and obeyed the precepts of "Stone-Clink" and Mr. Drybrough as expressed in volumes obviously intended by nature to be companions.

No healthy-minded person will miss an opportunity of securing my good friend Bennet Burleigh's "Sirdar and Khaliia, or the Reconquest of the Soudan, 1898" (Chapman and Hall). Burleigh is almost the last of the elder generation of war correspondents. "Billy" Russell is *hors de combat*, Archibald Forbes is no longer a man of action, Montague Vizetelly and many others have crossed the bar. Bennet Burleigh and Charles Williams alone remain, and the last-named was not at the Atbara, although, in spite of advancing years, he started for the front some six weeks ago. Burleigh, as those who have been under fire with him protest with one voice, is a man of conspicuous bravery, and extraordinarily robust in frame and in spirits. Unlike the famous dog John Pym, whose "lie was full o' sairiousness because he couldna get enough o' fechtin'," Burleigh is always in merry mood, because wherever the clash of arms sounds he is there to revel in the din. A book is this to make the blood run hot and fast, and it appears at a timely moment.



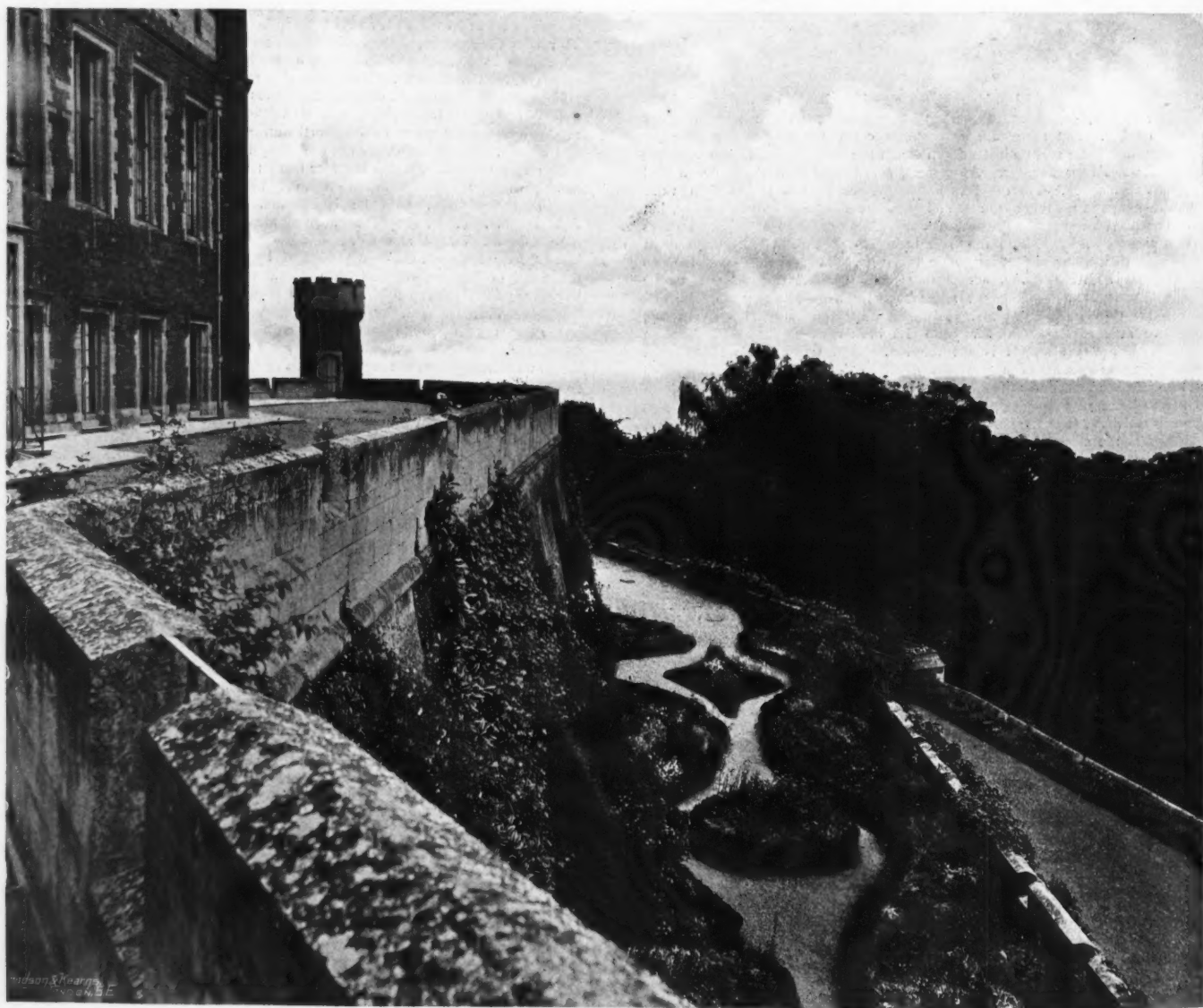
BELVOIR, we said, possessed a purely natural garden for its embellishment. These are pleasure grounds reproducing Nature, not after the manner of the old landscape gardeners, who strove for rural landscapes with fantastic or merely rustic adornments, but according to the view of those who hold that gardens are the homes of flowers, and that the work of the gardener is to interpret for our enjoyment the character or special form of Nature's garden scenery. The gardens of Belvoir, now maintained in all their radiant charm, were, in fact, an early type of the form of garden that may now be said to prevail, and they have been held up, by contemners of carpet-bedding, as a rebuke to the fashions of an age that delighted in "barbaric splendour."

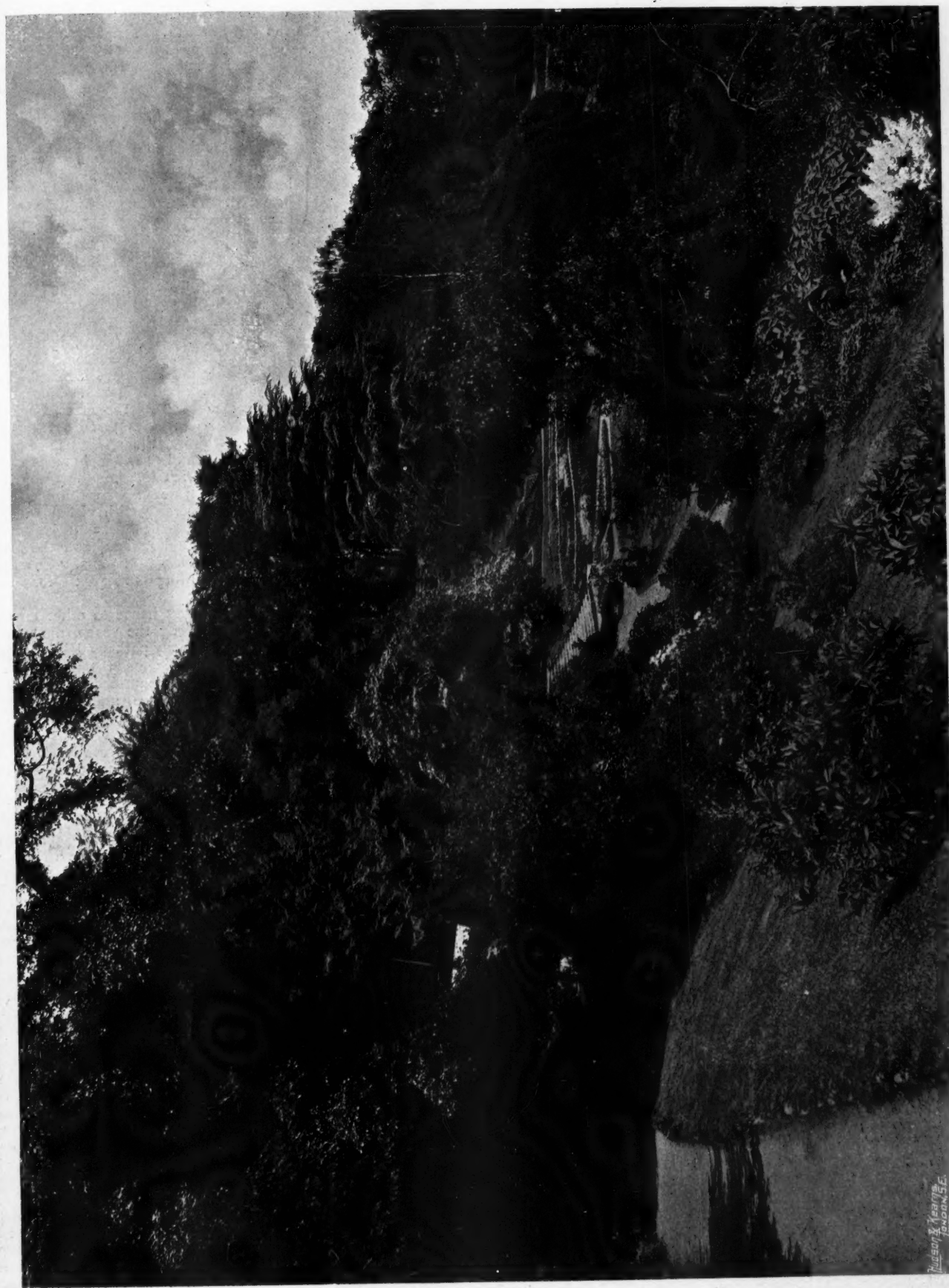
One very delightful part of the surroundings of Belvoir, illustrating a special feature of natural treatment, is a spring garden near the castle, where colour and fragrance go together, telling of the day when

"A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime."

Fresh as the tender green of the woods is a spring garden. Snowdrop, snowflake, hepatica, and a hundred other early blooms seem almost purer in colour and sweeter in fragrance than the richer offerings of summer and autumn. Hence the charm of Belvoir in March and April, the months of the freshest vesture of the year. The late Mr. Ingram, who was for many years in charge of these gardens, and will be remembered as one of the great flower gardeners of England, once remarked with truth before the Royal Horticultural Society that, while the half-hardy plants of summer had their brilliance marred by heavy rains, the spring flowers he was extolling would lift their heads uninjured from a covering of hoar frost or snow.

One very beautiful, orchid-like early flower cultivated much at Belvoir is the netted iris (*Iris reticulata*), which scents the air with violet-like fragrance, and makes breaks of colour as deep as that with which the violet vests the wayside bank. Then a fragrant gale, in these early spring days we speak of, comes from shady paths near the flower garden. It is the



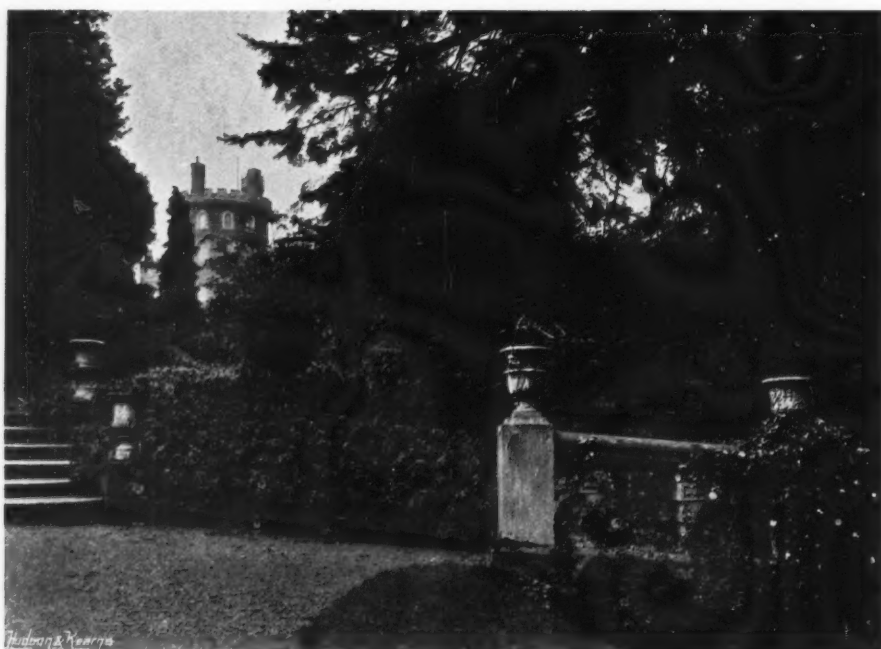


"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—BELVOIR CASTLE: THE DUCHESS'S GARDEN.

THE DUCHESS'S GARDEN
LONDON, E.C.

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A GARDEN VIEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE WEST VIEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE DUCHESS'S SEAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

scented breath of the Russian violet, which flourishes even where

"The cedar spreads his dark green layers of shade."

Fresh tufts of this radiant blossom are planted each year from the reserve garden. It is, indeed, only by a thorough system of culture that such beauties can be won from the brown earth. The charm is attained by skilful management, which prevents worn-out groups obtruding on the scene, and provides the vigorous stocks, without which blossoms are few. Primroses, again, are grown in rich variety at Belvoir, the jewels of many lands, of India and Japan, as well as coloured forms derived from our own pale yellow gem of the woodland bank, each in a suitable habitat carefully provided. Then, too, we find hyacinths, lilies of the valley, nodding daffodils, beloved of Wordsworth, anemones of different types, forget-me-nots, dog's-tooth violets, grape hyacinths, alyssum, and aubrietia Græca, with white, orange, and red tulips to give relief to the beds.

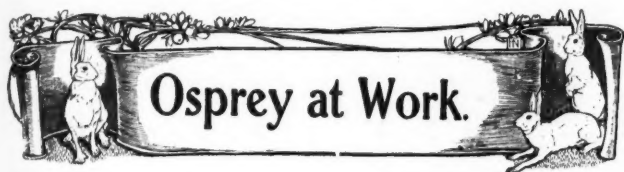
But enough of catalogues, the reader will say. Let us, therefore, betake ourselves to the Duchess's Garden, a delightful pleasure on the wooded slope, sheltered well from the winds of March. The natural rock crops out at the crest, and the conformation suggests terracing, to hold back, as it were, the steep banks of the hill. Trees and shrubs luxuriate, and flower beds enrich the slopes. Four large beds are here beneath a spreading cedar of Lebanon, one filled with violets, another with wall-flowers, the third with the bronzy-leaved saxifraga lingulata, and the fourth with arabis and forget-me-nots, the southern aspect accounting in part for their luxuriance.

We may pass hence to other terraced slopes, formed by the sharp dip of the ground, with woody paths and high ranges quite characteristic of the place. The upper terrace is beautified with beds of aubrietia, erica carnea, arabis, and forget-me-not, with edging of the variegated euonymus (*E. radicans variegatus*); the second terrace with primroses and pansies in circular beds; and the lower terraces also with primroses and other flowers in bold masses. In short, blooms of some kind flourish in every available nook, and many a "flower in the crannied wall" adds its touch of colour to the grey rampart of the castle.

There are terraces also in the main garden—these, too, made glorious with hardy flowers. And then, again, as we go forward, our attention is constantly attracted by delightful woodland views, for the foliage is richly varied; and so we ascend by steep paths to the pleasant sunny slopes below the terraces of the castle.

Such is a rambling through the pleasure grounds of famous Belvoir. Whether it be spring, summer, or autumn, satisfaction marks our way; for, though we have here dealt chiefly with the promise of summer, it will be understood that glorious effects of colour and fragrance attend its fulfilment. Few places can be more beautiful, in their kind, than the woods and gardens of Belvoir in the leafy days of June, and it is simply delightful to wander in the summer days along the Duke's Walk on the hill. And, if we should be at Belvoir when the glory of the flowers has departed, what, we ask, can be more charming than the foliage changing to orange and purple when we find it contrasted with the cool green colouring of the saxifrages and sedums liberally planted on the slopes? That Belvoir has delights in the winter also none surely can gainsay, between the delicate tracery of its branches, the multitudinous foliages of its evergreens, and the beauties of the hardy growths that brave both frost and snow.

But far better than is possible in words have our illustrations conveyed to the reader an impression of the features and character of the surroundings of the noble abode. Those who have been privileged to visit the gardens of Belvoir will long cherish a recollection of the superb view from the ramparts into the sylvan depths below, of the radiant charms of the gardens of the Duke and Duchess, and of the steep wooded ways by which successive beauties are explored



IS instinct hereditary, or does it crop up after, say, centuries of interval, and recur in the species with unerring accuracy, prompting bird and beast as to the means of existence? The reappearance from time to time of rare birds, in precisely the same places at the same seasons, makes it appear that cause and effect are simultaneously at work in birds' minds, even after immense periods of the world's history.

Anyhow, in Southern Dorset, in bygone historic days, it is well known that a huge river existed, which flowed somewhere on the confines of the county, now separating Eastern Dorset from Hampshire. There still remains a lengthy creek or waterway, some miles in extent, beyond Poole Harbour, and a very similar estuary in Western Hampshire from Christchurch away to Mudeford eastward. These estuaries and creeks have still something in common, remnants of olden days, for they are both notable for wild birds and wildfowl, and have records of many indubitably rare specimens. Christchurch "Harbour," in especial, is pre-eminent for the ornithological riches it has yielded, and from thence inland, up the Stour and Avon, is a rare ground for the naturalist. If bird migrations, as the scientists tell us, generally follow the course of running waters, we have here an explanation and corroboration of the condition of the county in bygone times. For in Christchurch itself may be seen one of the most interesting ornithological collections of Southern England, which has a parallel, perhaps, in Mr. Booth's well-known Brighton "Birds." But there is a charm in the Christchurch specimens lacking in very many museums, for it may be called a "one-man collection," the specimens being absolutely local, generally shot and mounted by the same hand. Mr. Hart, for it is, of course, to him I allude, has done a huge service to natural history, for he has exemplified the resources of his native country in a most delightful manner. Moreover, his information has been always lavishly bestowed on all comers, and the mounting of the specimens is typical of life histories of the birds.

Out on the charming stretches of water, which run up from Mudeford inland, and are formed by the confluence of the well-known Avon and Stour rivers, for nearly a lifetime Mr. Hart has spent his spare time. Thence inland every spot has been visited by him in the surrounding neighbourhood, and nearly every local treasure has passed through his hands.

He has told me at various times of the curious coincidence of a find of a rare bird twice in the same locality, instancing a "bee eater" as having been seen by him on the same stretch of river meadows. I think, also, he told me of the case of the late Lord Malmesbury's eagles, which were shot on the same bough of the same tree in varying years.

Formerly noteworthy sportsmen, distinguished (as, indeed, others may still be) in this part of England, made, on a small scale, valuable accumulations of treasures met with on shooting expeditions. But the growths of bricks and mortar are increasing in every direction, and will, it is to be feared, gradually extinguish many a well-known bird haunt. But a few years ago, I remember

well one such sportsman who had secured some beautiful specimens, notably an osprey from Sandbank, and an American bittern from the New Forest. He told me how he had skirted along the coast, Bournemouth non-existent, and had watched the osprey at work on many an autumn evening. I think he said he had seen as many as any man in England, and that in Christchurch Harbour he had lain in his boat watching them with keen interest. He described minutely the rapid lightning-like swoop by which the bird, from a height of 30ft., fell and unerringly clutched its victim. Flounders and mullet (hence the name mullet-hawk) seem the favourite quarry, the fish being pinioned lengthwise by the curved claws, and held as in a vice. Sometimes, indeed, the osprey is dragged under by an immense fish, for it cannot detach itself from its prey at the time it has struck. Impact with the water raises quite a miniature foam for a few moments, and the strong wings rise with immense velocity, and are soon seeking a resting-place for the evening meal. With us the osprey does not apparently nest; anyhow, I have never traced anyone who has been aware of it. In Scotland I have heard at various intervals that he is found nesting in the islands of the more isolated lochs, which have growths of fir trees. Probably he has already left England when the nesting season begins.

Some years ago, a live osprey was in the possession of a local naturalist, finally escaping from him with a ring round its leg. It would be, I am sure, exceedingly hard to "acclimatise." I cannot fancy an osprey a prisoner of war, unless in a zoological garden. It is a sight to see, and one not easy to forget,



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CONTENTMENT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the osprey at his work, and to watch the unerring eyesight which, at such altitudes, guides him in distinguishing his prey. The autumn of 1889 was prolific in specimens of the osprey, which managed hereabouts mostly to evade the sportsman with his gun. But they disappeared again in a few weeks, making their way doubtless southward on migration.

But a few years earlier, I remember hearing a still rarer bird was found in these parts; probably, in this case, it had escaped from some passing ship. I allude to a flamingo, killed by a puntsman at the entrance of the Beaulieu river. It is, or was, in the possession of its owner, Lord Montague. For more than a week it had frequented the neighbouring Solent, and was waited for probably by many who were unable to come up with it. White-tailed eagles are, moreover, seen here from time to time, and often reported as the golden eagle, a rare visitor in these parts. The test of the golden eagle, by the by, is of course the feathered leg. The white-tailed eagles migrate southward, apparently, after their nesting season in the North. I have by me a magnificent specimen of the golden eagle, shot somewhere in the neighbourhood of Blairgowrie, Perthshire, where it had been known for some twenty years. It was finally set up for me by the late Mr. Crockhart, a well-known Perthshire all-round sportsman. I think he told me my specimen was killed by a shepherd whilst it was stealing lambs. In the autumn of 1892—or possibly 1894—an eagle passed over the common-lands not far from the town of Bournemouth, and made its way out towards Lytchett Heath, where I believe it was subsequently

killed. Well do I remember having seen it, and noted it as a *rara avis*, and hoped it might escape the reach of the sportsman.

Many eagles have at various times appeared in the New Forest. They have been generally recorded, and, I fear, rarely escaped. But the neighbourhood of Christchurch Harbour still undoubtedly escapes severe molestation, and its true appreciators rarely kill anything which has already served its purpose. It is one of the most charming localities alike for birds and botany, so many rare plants and flowers are to be found in its surroundings. I have noted *Honkenya*, *Statice spathulata*, *Cakile maritima*, and many others. The marshy plots

and sand-banks adjoining are notable for their entomological specimens.

"Larders" innumerable exist on grassy tufts and clusters of reed, where shell-fish, razors, crabs, and such-like have provided a meal for the seabirds which have crossed the narrow intervening hills.

Many are the records of the locality; innumerable good stories abound. But nothing can be more delightful than on a perfect autumn day to listen to the lap of the waves against the boat and watch the glistening water, to hoist sail and away across the expanse known as Christchurch Harbour.

DISCIPULUS.

FEN AND FORESHORE.—III.

THE Earl of Leicester's marshes, which fringe the Holkham estate between Burnham and Wells, have three separate claims to interest sportsmen, naturalists, and owners of marshes near the sea. They represent what is probably the acme of wildfowl ground and marsh shooting on the British coast. In addition, they are one of the best instances of a double and simultaneous reclamation to be seen in the British Islands. For the present Earl has not only reclaimed the marshes, so completing a work begun by his ancestors, the Coles of Holkham, but has also reclaimed the sand-hills, which form the natural barrier between these marshes and the sea. The former have been converted from "meal marsh" into sound pasture, with the waters drained off into dykes, and into certain pools greatly beloved of fowl, while the hills of blowing sand, and the ridges of shingle lying at their inner base, are converted, the former into hills covered with luxuriant groves of pines, and the latter into green turf-clad drives, which run for miles just inside the sand-hills, along the sea front of the reclamation.

Our illustrations give an idea of the astonishing change thus effected in the lifetime of one energetic land-owner with an intuitive grasp of what was possible in a case in which few



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THE SAND-HILLS AS THEY WERE.

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minds could have forecast the extent to which Nature will yield to man. The first illustration shows a portion of THE SAND-HILLS AS THEY WERE in the primitive state, as they exist to-day on another and similar part of the coast, on the same estate, beyond Wells Harbour. They are formed of light blowing

sand, just sprinkled with mar-ram grass (a corruption of the Dutch *mer haulm*, sea grass). These were, and still are, the nesting places of great colonies of terns, ringed plover, and other shore fowl, and two nests, or rather clutches, of the terns' eggs may be seen in the illustration. In the second view may be seen the astonishing metamorphosis shown by THE SAND-HILLS AS THEY ARE. Instead of barren hillocks of shifting sand, liable at any moment to be burst by a high tide and northern gale, is a green and most fragrant wilderness of pines, not stunted or sea-dwarfed, but perfectly grown, abounding in cones and sap, showering pollen in the spring and seeds in summer, and fringing this bleak north coast with a growth of trees and leaf such as one might seek in vain on the shores of the Solent or the Riviera.

AN AVENUE IN THE RECLAMATION runs for several miles on the seaward edge of the marsh. The size and growth of the pines may be



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THE SAND-HILLS AS THEY ARE.

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judged from the specimen in the foreground of the picture. But pines are not the only trees in this new paradise in the Holkham sand-hills. Birds have carried the seeds of many shrubs and trees into the plantations, and these have grown luxuriantly. Great beds of honeysuckle, young plum trees, thorn trees, and in the wetter spots alder trees, flourish on the hills and by the grassy drives at their base. Thus between marsh and sea lies a strip of the most exquisitely fragrant, shady, mossy woodland, of all tints of green and gold, from the dark verdure of pine tops to the brilliant yellows of cup mosses and lichens, and with all the odours which pines and honeysuckle can yield when the hot sun pours on to their tops, or is reflected from the flood tides of the North Sea, which creeps to the very foot of the sand-hills. This narrow band of pine-clad hillocks, set between the grey flats of the marsh and the shining level of the sea, is the northern boundary of the reclamation, in which Nature has been aided and strengthened, but is only partly indebted to Art as a barrier against the sea. The artificial embankment runs from these hills at a right angle, parallel with Wells Harbour. It may be seen in the illustration below, showing a part of the marshes themselves, the home of the wild geese, which are the most remarkable of the many wildfowl which feed in these preserves. The pool in the foreground, known as "ABRAHAM'S BOSOM," is a noted resort of wildfowl, and lies just at the inner foot of the sand-hills, and is formed by some brackish springs, rising from below the sand. The foot of the hills just touches the water, and here may be seen, in its early stages, the formation of such a pine forest as is growing on the portions planted many years ago. The width of the reclamation may be judged from the view inland. The whole level, up to the bases of the houses seen in the far distance, was originally "meal marsh," flooded at high tides. The portions nearest the land were reclaimed at an earlier date. But the great bulk of the grass flats is the creation of the present Earl. Two anecdotes of the difficulties first encountered after the barring out of the sea are current. One is that the sea



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AN AVENUE IN THE RECLAMATION.

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broke through, not in the great bank running back to Wells, but through the sand-hills themselves, before they were planted. The difficulty was to stop this gap between the ebb and flow of the tide. Hundreds of men and carts, sacks of earth and clay, and barrels of ale to keep up the workers' strength, formed the munitions of war available. But as the gap narrowed, so did the space available for workers decrease, until only a yard or two were left, and at this the picked men worked. Meantime, the tide came up and up, until it reached the foot of the beach. Then it rose, steady and sapping, until within a few inches of the point at which the whole would probably give way. The workers, with one eye on the heaving water and another on the beach, kept steadily on, till it was noticed that the ripples came slightly lower than the last. Then the danger was over, for by the next flood tide all was made safe. A second story relates to the portion of the marsh to the left of the last illustration. It was sandy, and difficult ground to grow any herbage upon. The whole area of this angle of the reclamation was sown with

grass in a single day. Lucky showers followed; and the grass grew. In time this was followed by reeds, and much of this part of the flat is a bed of waving reeds, most useful material for thatching. The main body of the flats grows splendid crops of grass and hay, and lets at good rents either for feeding stock or mowing.

So far we have given an imperfect outline of the interest which this ground has for the forester and the land-owner. Its stock of game and wildfowl is no less remarkable. Its carefully-preserved levels swarm with game, and with wildfowl of so many descriptions that it would be rash to say what may *not* be found there at one or other season of the year. It is the chosen haunt of the flocks of wild pink-footed geese which still visit the North Norfolk shore. For many months in the year they make this their headquarters during the day, feeding on the marshes until dusk, and then flying out to sea over the sand-hills to rest on the sand-banks or swim in the shallows. Hundreds—wo



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

"ABRAHAM'S BOSOM."

Copyright.

might almost say thousands—of other wildfowl, shore birds, and game birds also have their feeding grounds and nesting haunts in these marshes, on the grey levels of the flats, and among the pools, ditches, and drains which intersect them. The writer has seen lines and companies of pink-footed geese, pheasants, partridges, wild duck, herons, plover, redshank, gulls, teal, peewits, and golden plover, all feeding or on the wing, at the same time in this great area of land won from the sea. When the wild geese are shot at all, they are usually killed in stormy weather by guns waiting behind the gate-posts at the bridges across the dykes. In 1870, Lord Leicester, Lord Powerscourt, Mr. Powell, the Hon. Colonel Coke, and Lord Coke killed fifty-eight wild geese, one curlew, three ducks, and a snipe on these marshes. Two days later, thirty-four wild geese, three Canada geese, and one bernacle goose were shot in the same marshes.

The local gunners also shoot a few when on their morning and evening flights to and from the sand-banks out at sea. There are also records of bags of geese having been made by moonlight in the marshes, especially by Mr. Alexander Napier, of Holkham, whose reputation as a wildfowler is second to none on that part of the coast.

The pool shown in the illustration is one of the favourite haunts of certain wildfowl on these flats. When the writer last visited it in spring, more than a score of sheldrake, which had nests in the sand-hills, were swimming on the surface. Wild duck, teal, and a few coots and water-hens also drop in at different times on the surface of "Abraham's Bosom," as this lakelet is called. Plover and redshank come there to drink and bathe, and one or two pairs of the half-wild Canada geese of Holkham Park come all this distance to nest near its banks. These geese are quite as remarkable a feature of the marshes in spring as the wild grey geese are in autumn. They fly out to nest in the sand-hills and on the reclamation, and thirty or forty pairs may be seen flying or feeding in different parts of the flats. They bring all their young ones, sometimes from a distance of



C. Reid. REDSHANK'S NEST ON OLD BEACH. Copyright

two miles, across the marshes, over the road, and through a single gate into the park, unless they pick up their goslings and fly over the park wall with them. It is possible that they do this, for sheldrake are known to carry their young on their backs when flying.

C. J. CORNISH.



FROGS AS WEATHER INDICATORS.

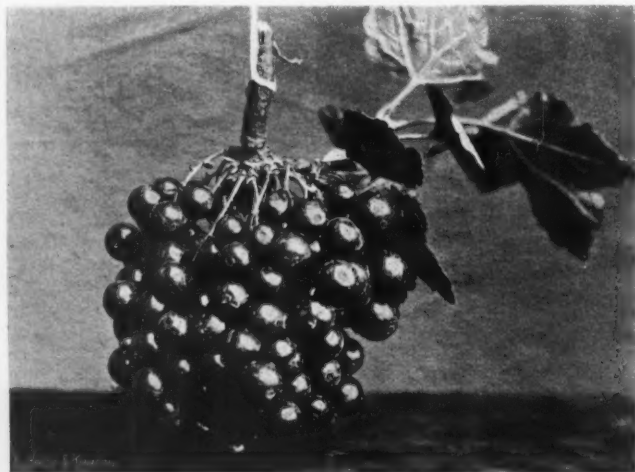
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see a paragraph in your "Country Notes" on the subject of the colour of frogs giving indication of approaching changes in weather—as the country people believe. I cannot say anything about our own English frogs; but this I know very well, that both in cages and in a state of Nature the little green tree frogs that one finds in the South of France and so on change colour very much with the impending changes of weather, so much so that they act as a very faithful barometer. When the weather is going to rain—by which I mean, I suppose, when there is moisture in the atmosphere—these little fellows are of a brilliant green. When the air is very dry they get very dull and miserable-looking. The effect is as obvious in captivity in England as in their wild state abroad. They make most amusing little pets, fly-catching, and stroking their throats in the most amusingly appreciative way as the fly goes down. I infer, therefore, that, as in the case of most of our country people's beliefs, there is a basis of fact in this theory of theirs about the barometric change of colour of our own frogs.—AJAX.

EXTRAORDINARY RED CURRANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have the pleasure of enclosing for your inspection a photograph of an extraordinary-sized bunch of red currants. The bunch stood 4½ in. high to end



of stalks. It weighed just 5oz., and measured 10½ in. in circumference. There were twenty-three stalks on the bunch, and most of the currants were as big as a marble. It was grown by Mr. Bradley, the manager of the London and County Bank at Wantage. Should you care to reproduce the photograph I shall be obliged.—TOM REVELEY.

A PLAGUE OF THISTLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice you answer a variety of questions in your interesting paper. Could you kindly advise anything likely to destroy the accompanying thistle? Spudding has been tried for years, but seems to have had no effect. Last year I forked over a piece, which seems to have been partly successful. Some fields are almost without any and in others they are thick. They grow in clumps, and singly. Situation is high—500ft.—and soil on the poor side. Of course the forking is almost out of the question in a 20-acre field. A few appear yearly on the lawns. Do you think any weed destroyer applied with one of those long pointed syringes one sees would have any effect? The specimen enclosed is one of a bunch. Thanking you in anticipation.—S. W. G.

[The thistle sent, which is very dwarf but well known to farmers, though it is seldom found in well-ordered garden soil, is apparently either an annual or biennial. Its roots go down, however, very deep, and it is therefore difficult to exterminate in land that is only ploughed, and probably not more than 7 in. to 9 in. deep. It seems most likely that the weed propagates itself chiefly if not entirely by seed, as in the case of the taller thistles, the seeds being carried about by the wind, though probably not one-tenth germinate. The soil is doubtless full of seeds, which at every ploughing get buried too low to germinate, but when brought near the surface do so. There seems to be no possible means of destroying the weeds except by cutting them off before they flower—a laborious and costly process. Even then several years will elapse before the pest is entirely banished. We know of no destructive agent that in killing the weeds would not practically poison the soil at the same time. It is useless as well as annoying to suggest remedies that will be of no service. We feel that in constant cutting off to prevent growth and flowering lies the only chance of final extermination.—ED.]

FLOWERS FOR A CHALK PIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have an old chalk pit which I wish to "clothe." Will you kindly tell me what flowering shrubs, annuals, etc., to try on this poor soil? I understand rose campion will do well, and I thought of trying broom. Would foxgloves do? Also any roses? If so, please name kinds. Would honeysuckle do on the banks?—EDWARD HAWKINS.

[You ask a very interesting question, and we hope that any reader who has garnished a chalky pit with flowers will kindly relate experiences. The sun roses (Helianthemums) would certainly succeed, as the common British kind, *H. vulgare*, gladdens chalky downs with its brilliant yellow flowers. Establish this by all means, and the many varieties vary from yellow through crimson to white, masses of colour in the full sun. You might try also the Alpine pinks, the Maiden pink, Cheddar pink, wild carnation, and others, sowing seeds or establishing young plants in the chinks. *Coronilla iberica*, the pretty *Erinus alpinus*, *edelweiss*, *Iberis correifolia*, ivy-leaved toadflax (*Linaria cymbalaria*), poppies, potentillas, alyssum, snapdragon (*antirrhinum*), wall-flowers, campion (*Lychnis*), and also, to sprawl over the edges, honeysuckle and the picturesque *Rubus phoenicolasius*, a Japanese bramble. We think that foxgloves would succeed, but are doubtful about brooms. Certainly roses would fail. If there is any depth of soil the brooms would thrive, and the furze too. There are many beautiful kinds of broom; the white Spanish and the glorious *Spartium junceum* must not be forgotten. So much depends upon the depth of good soil, as few plants will succeed well upon solid chalk. Sow plenty of seeds of the above-named plants, and we think you will be successful in clothing the pit with flowers.—ED.]

A PRACTICAL BOOK ON FARMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you, or any of your readers, kindly help me in the selection of a good, practical, moderate-priced work on farming in all its branches? All the books that I have yet been able to find, excellent as they are, are too scientific to be practical. What I want is a book that will give me full *practical* information of all modern agricultural operations, implements, and crops. And also about sheep and cattle, their management, varieties, etc.—COUNTRY BUMPKIN.

IMPROVING MOORLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should like to ask two questions, which possibly some of your correspondents will kindly answer. 1. Is there any better (or other) way of improving a grouse moor than that of killing down the vermin and burning the heather judiciously in strips of about 30yds. wide (and how long)? 2. What is the best way of encouraging the growth of heather on moors where the grass and "white" land has got ahead?—MOORLAND.

ACCIDENTS IN THE SHOOTING FIELD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

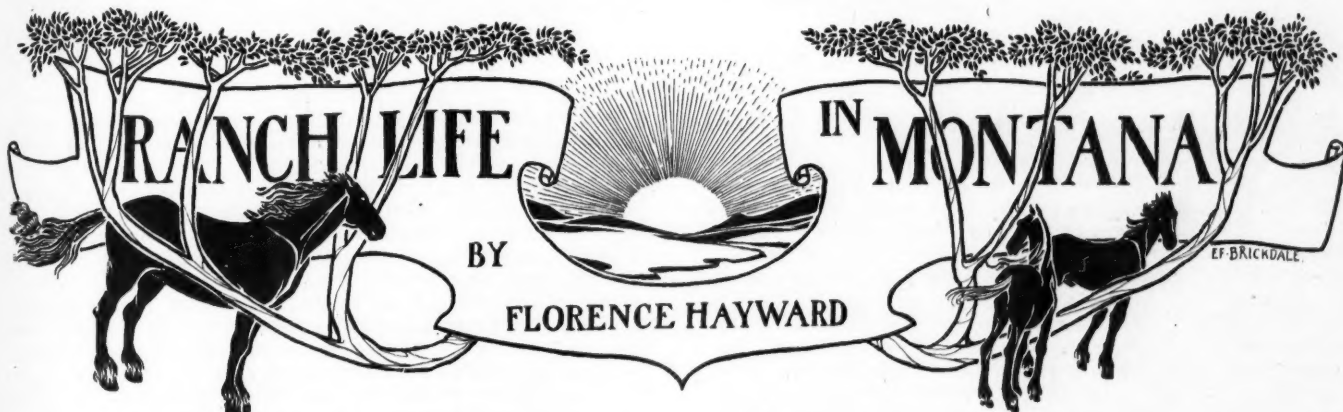
SIR,—Now that the shooting season is upon us, I hope you will permit me to air a fad which has at least one undeniable merit—it makes for safety. No shooting season passes without many accidents, and ninety-five per cent. of these are traceable to three causes. Of this ninety-five per cent. I reckon that forty-five come from carelessness or over-keenness. Shooting back at low birds is one great cause, and should be severely discouraged. A very painful and costly case, arising from this fault, has recently been tried in the North, where exemplary damages were given to a beater who lost his eyesight. Last season I myself, when out with a friend, and without beaters, saw that friend shoot a low partridge and his own dog (which had been concealed in bracken) in this fashion. The dog, *par parenthese*, was funny. He yelled, his eyes were glazed, he weltered in his gore. Seeing my friend much affected, I offered to put the dog out of his misery; but as I was in the act of raising my gun the dog recovered, began to hunt, and retrieved the dead partridge. His injuries consisted of a single pellet through the fleshy part of the nose, which, of course, bled

profusely. This is a digression, but on the path of truth, and it points a moral. Never shoot back unless you are certain of safety; partridges, and even pheasants, are cheaper than men. Still more is this true of ground game in covert, and I protest that, especially when I am on ground of which I do not know the contours, I habitually shirk easy shots at rabbits for fear of shooting beaters. Keepers are frequently annoyed at this caution; but keepers like a big bag, and often advise dangerous shots to be taken. Rabbits also are much cheaper than men. But there remain, roughly, fifty per cent. of shooting accidents to be accounted for. They come at the crossing of fences, and they are all avoidable. The golden rule is always to treat your gun, when there are cartridges in it, as if it were on full-cock. Hold it in such fashion that, if it does go off accidentally, no harm will be done. If a fence is difficult enough to render half-cock or the safety bolt necessary, it is difficult enough also to justify taking out your cartridges. Bringing the hammers to half-cock is, especially in cold weather, and when thumbs are numbed, itself a dangerous operation, and the moment when mechanism wears and a gun will go off at half-cock can never be exactly foreseen. A gun with no cartridges in it is as harmless as a dove, and to extract the cartridges is the work of a moment. By following this method a wild bird or two may be lost in a bank country in the course of a season, but no lives of men would be lost. For myself, I have followed the method ever since, on a bitter day in January, 1876, I sent a charge whizzing past a colonel crossing a fence in front of me, and I should like to see it made compulsory.—EX ABUNDANTI CAUTELA.

THE GALAPAGAN TORTOISE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps it may be of interest to know that the Galapagan tortoise is not extinct. Last December, when visiting the Galapagos Islands in one of Her Majesty's ships, we met a party of American collectors who were working for Lord Rothschild's museum at Tring, and among their collection were a dozen or so living giant tortoises. These they found at a height of over 4,000ft. above sea level, and one peculiarity about them was, that when first met with they were mistaken for large snakes, the reason being that their bodies were hidden in the long grass, and the heads, supported on long necks, alone appeared. Although, as you say, this is a matter of no great importance, still I hope it may be of some slight interest.—NAUTA.



"Whenever you hear anybody talk about doing their duty, you may know they mean doing something disagreeable, but not to themselves."—From the remarks of Hornsilver Smith.

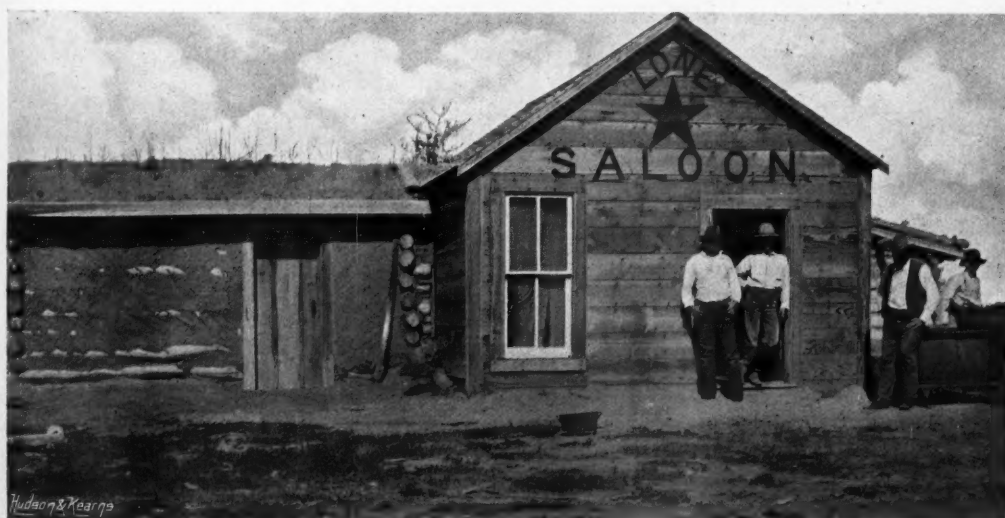
THAT night Daddy gave me a lecture; at least, he intended to. I could tell that he did, because his manner to me was so apologetic. Whenever he considered it his duty to speak seriously to me—I believe that is the technical name for it—he discounted what he thought was the disagreeableness of the proceeding by being extra darling beforehand. When he did push himself up to the lecturing point his efforts at disciplining me—*va, ha!*—fizzled out in general remarks that sounded like misquoted copy-book maxims, and all the time he was

making them he looked as embarrassed as if he had been caught saying his prayers in the middle of the day.

This time the subject of our serious conversation was Hornsilver Smith, if you please. Not that he was mentioned at all: Daddy always imagined that the way to keep me from knowing what he was thinking of was not to talk of it. He forgot that in one thing, anyway, men are like horses—they do not shy at what is *not* there. So when Daddy grew suddenly maternal in his solicitude for my hair and complexion—by this time I hadn't one, only a skin—and said that riding in the sun so much was ruining both, and that it was a woman's duty to take care of her looks, I had an idea of what he was driving at.

When he said that health was the greatest of blessings, and that riding so much was not good for me, I was pretty sure of my ground. And when he said that woman's chief charm was womanliness, and that he was afraid I was getting to regard ranch life too much from the cowboy's point of view, then I was absolutely sure of what was in his mind, and translated it for him. I said, "But Hornsilver Smith isn't a cowboy, Daddy; he told me so himself." Whereupon Daddy looked guilty, and dropped the subject.

I did not. As long as the Hornsilver Smith idea had a place in Daddy's mind there was no reason why I should not benefit by it. As far as getting away from the possibility of life in the cow country was



OVER THE WAY FROM THE DIVIDE HOUSE.

concerned, it was distinctly to my advantage for him to think that I was becoming interested, personally and individually interested, in it, for I knew that his plan of living out there revolved around his living it in my sole and undivided company. Any other possibility evidently distressed him, and as long as it did—well, really it seemed a pity but that he should also derive some benefit from it. The more uncomfortable he was, mentally and physically, during the remainder of our stay in the cow country, the sooner and more willingly would he leave it. Hornsilver Smith was providing him with the mental discomfort, it remained for me to provide a corresponding physical dose and get him to take it. This was not so difficult to do, thanks to circumstances. All I had to do was to let him discover that by leaving the ranch and going to a hotel in town the Hornsilver Smith complication would be made way with.

That is a metropolitan sounding phrase; to speak of a hotel in town conveys an idea of streets, and electric lights, and bustling crowds, as to the town; and of plenty of hot and cold water, architecture, and servants, as to the hotel. I mention this to show how entirely misleading the most ordinary phrases sometimes are. There was a town—a collection of houses dropped down on the prairie like crumbs of bread on a table; also there was an hotel, presided over by a gentleman called "the Doctor." I supposed from this that he was probably a scientific man who had fallen upon evil days. When I saw him I changed my theory into supposing that may be he intended to become one; as a matter of fact, he was a Kentucky horse-doctor. As to the origin of the name of his hotel, opinion was divided. Some said it came from the fact that the house was located exactly on a water-shed, while the majority thought that the name had reference to the fact that the Doctor and his wife were divorced. It was called the Divide House.

His reception of us was what one might almost call professional; on being told how far we had ridden, he insisted that I ought to be blanketed and walked up and down, after being well rubbed down with a certain mustang liniment which he guaranteed as good for man or beast. He seemed hurt when I claimed exemption from the treatment on the ground of not being either. In spite of this, he placed what he called the bridal soot at my disposition. It consisted of one room, with a commanding



THE ONLY WHITE SHIRT AT THE RANCH.

view of the Lone Star saloon across the street. The furniture of the bridal soot consisted of packing cases, variously covered with American cloth as to their tops, and red calico as to their sides. The bed was a triumph of ingenious laziness; it was apparently a simple hospital cot, but under the slightest weight it performed a surprising feat—folded up its legs and sat down on its head. There were no chairs or substitutes for them in the way of nail-kegs or soap-boxes; evidently nails and soap were not in demand out West. This reduced me to sitting on the window sill if I was dressed, and on the floor if I was not—the latter a precautionary measure, in view of the fact that there were no blinds or curtains. It also necessitated crawling about on my hands and knees while I was dressing; between the scarcity of blinds and the superfluity of splinters, the process was always elaborate and sometimes painful.

What I found most characteristic of the Divide House were the features that would, I suppose, come under the head of architecture and interior decoration. The house was built of corrugated iron, which means iron that looks as if it had been run through a large fluting machine; the walls inside were covered with striped wall-paper put on crooked. I give these two details as constituting, when combined with very hot weather, a good recipe for acquiring sunstroke and delirium



A HERD OF SHEEP.

tremens at the same time. Taken altogether, our new abode was all that I could ask for or imagine in the way of discomfort; under the circumstances I really revelled in its many and unquestioned disadvantages; the most vivid imagination could not have added an item to its drawbacks, and upon all this I sincerely and secretly congratulated myself.

Of course there were redeeming points about the Divide House; when I mentioned this to Hornsilver Smith, he said oh yes, he reckoned they was, adding further that you could say that of any place, hell included, and when I questioned this he remarked, that when the Devil stayed at home he was dead sure of not suffering from frost-bites. I think the most interesting detail of the hotel architecture was the floor, or perhaps one ought to say the ceiling; it did not really matter which you called it, for the floor of the room above was the ceiling of the one below. It consisted of one thinness of planking, with no carpet and plenty of knot-holes. When I wanted amusement I got it by lying down on the floor and putting an eye to a knot-hole; if that particular one did not "give" on what I wanted to see, I tried the next. My room was over the bar—and dining-room, and investigations were more interesting at first, before the other guests became conscious; after that the knot-holes still had their uses, though in another way.

With no bells in the house, and no one who would have answered them if there had been, it was a puzzle at first to know how to attract anyone's attention when I wanted something. The knot-holes solved the question: I had only to drop a button-hook or a pencil or even a hair-pin through a properly-selected knot-hole on to a cowboy; he always retrieved my property promptly, and when he brought it up to my door it was easy to send him off to hunt up the one and only lady-help, a personage who was always in a rage, always in curl-papers, and who condescended to receive thirty-five dollars a month for doing nothing at all very badly. Altogether we were, as I have said, as uncomfortable as I could possibly wish, and I must say that Hornsilver Smith kept Daddy's mental discomfort up to concert pitch.

In this he was aided, unconsciously, by the boys on the ranch we had just left. As long as we were there, they had shown me extreme but somewhat repressed civility; as soon as we were established at the Divide House, the repression seemed done away with, and but for one fact I would have been the recipient of more civility than was entirely convenient.

This fact was one that at first sight would seem to be but remotely connected with the attentions me-ward of Plain Kid and Grown Kid, of Piebiter and Goodnight, of Count No-Account and the Gintailed-Coat Man, and all the others; as a matter of fact, it was a vital one. To be brief, there was only one white shirt on the ranch; whoever got in first from his day's riding washed it, hid it away or stood guard over it until it was dried and nominally ironed, then wore it as the chief item in his visiting costume. The other men remained at home, swore, and laid deep plans for the next day's capture. There was a mulberry-coloured coat with a three-cornered tear in the sleeve that always accompanied the shirt; that coat and shirt came to see me every day without fail, though the man inside varied interestingly.

Hornsilver Smith did not, apparently, take part in the competition, but always put in an earlier appearance than any of the coat-and-shirt brigade. This was easy, for in the first place he never seemed to have any work to do, and in the second place he could—so he told me—always tell, by going out and seeing how nearly dry the shirt was, how soon its temporary owner could put it on. When the coat-and-shirt man did appear, it seemed to be only for the purpose of furthering Hornsilver Smith's plans, which, on such occasions, were mine also.

For instance, the day that we rode over to the Indian reservation, the party divided itself into two couples: Daddy and the coat-and-shirt entertaining each other, while Hornsilver Smith devoted himself, as usual, to my enlightenment.

"Is this reservation a good location for the Indians?" I asked.

"You mean from a white man's point of view?"

"Yes, of course; I don't suppose the Indian's point of view is taken into account, is it?"

"I sort of supposed you'd say that. Women and people that don't know anything about them always have a heap of sympathy for Indians."

I declined to enter into the argument I saw pending, and pursued the original question.

"Well," said Hornsilver, "some ways it is a good location and some ways it aint. Things have got so complicated nowadays that there's two mighty useful words going right out of use. One's 'no,' and the other is 'yes.'"

"If you really know anything about the Indians, I wish you would tell it," I said, decidedly; "I don't mind information a bit, just so I know it isn't useful."

"Well, then, may be you don't mind me informing you that that's a right numbersome herd of sheep over there."

"I thought you always said 'a flock of sheep'?"



A RESERVATION INDIAN.

"In the cow country it aint dignified to know the technical slanguage of sheep herding. There must be two thousand in that herd, and they are so blame silly that it only takes one sheep herder and one dog to keep the whole bunch together, and him on foot, too." To be afoot in the cow country was, from Hornsilver's inflection, equivalent to having neither legs nor brains.

"Do they make much?"

"Sheep herders? Oh, I don't know; but whatever they make, it aint enough to pay them. Day in, day out, they don't have a soul to speak to; and after that sort of thing goes on a while, the sheep herder never does a thing but go crazy."

"Loses his mind?"

"Well, you can put it that away if you choose; it is more complimentary to the sheep herder, aint it? Now, about the Injun reservation: it's as good a location as any, from the Government point of view, and the ranch-man's point of view."

"And from yours?" I asked.

Hornsilver looked flattered.

"I got a mighty definite idea about locating Injuns, and that is, under the ground, instead of on it. Now there's a squaw, and you are in luck to see her—she's the best-looking Injun woman on the reservation."

(To be continued.)



HOME-MADE LIQUEURS.

THERE are few things in the way of preserves—and in the general acceptance of the term liqueurs may be classed as preserves—which, with a certain amount of care, cannot be made at home of as good quality and as economically as they can be bought. It would appear that there is an almost insuperable difficulty in producing in wholesale quantities the delicate results which are easily obtained when only sufficient for home consumption is made. But I need hardly say that it would be useless to attempt to imitate some of the costly liqueurs, the value of which lies in the secret of their manufacture; I will, therefore, confine myself to giving recipes which I know can be satisfactorily accomplished by any intelligent cook. I may mention, by the way, that I have found many pitfalls in the recipes given for liqueurs in ordinary cookery books, many of them having apparently been copied from one book to another for generations, and suffered in the process by reason of errors in copying the quantities; this is the only way I can account for directions which, if strictly followed, do not give the desired or promised result.

MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY.

Two pounds of white sugar candy (crushed) should be allowed to four pounds of fruit. The cherries may either be picked from the stalks, or about half an inch of stalk may be left on each. They should be quite ripe

and perfectly sound. After thoroughly wiping the cherries, prick them slightly with a silver fork, and place them in wide-mouthed bottles which are perfectly clean and dry, and over every layer of fruit scatter some of the sugar candy. When the bottles will contain no more fruit, pour in sufficient good pale brandy to fill them. Cork with well-fitting new corks, which should be made air-tight either by being covered with pieces of bladder or bottle-wax. The bottles should be stored in a cool, dry cupboard, and, although they may be opened in three months, the cherry brandy will be decidedly improved by being kept for a year. The bottles should be shaken occasionally. A few bitter almonds, blanched, or peach kernels, added to the fruit will improve the flavour of the liqueur.

ANOTHER RECIPE FOR CHERRY BRANDY.

By making the liqueur according to the following instructions it will be found to more closely resemble the cherry brandy sold by wine merchants than is usually the case when it is made at home. To every pound of Morella cherries add half a pint of juice obtained from the small cherries known as "brandy blacks" and one bottle of old brandy. Put the fruit, etc., into an earthenware jar, cover with parchment to exclude the air, and leave for a week. Then add four ounces of crushed sugar candy, half a pound of powdered white sugar, and half an ounce of blanched bitter almonds or peach kernels. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining the black cherries, mulberry syrup can be used as a substitute. This, like the majority of liqueurs, will improve with age.

SLOE GIN.

Take a quart or more of ripe sloes and prick them well all over; this is a tedious process, but it is necessary, otherwise the juice from the berries will not be properly extracted. Put them into bottles and sprinkle in powdered sugar mixed with very finely crushed sugar candy, in the proportion of four ounces of the former to three-quarters of a pound of the latter; cork the bottles, and let the fruit stand for a week or ten days. Then add a quarter of an ounce of blanched bitter almonds to each quart of the berries, and a bottle of the best sweetened gin; close the bottles hermetically, and store them in a dry place; shake the contents occasionally. The longer sloe gin is kept the better it will be. After three months the gin may be strained from the sloes and rebottled.

ROSE BRANDY.

The following is a very old family recipe; the flavour of the liqueur is delicate, and besides being served as a liqueur, a small quantity mixed with iced soda water produces a very refreshing beverage, and it is excellent for culinary purposes. Boil two pounds of loaf sugar in a quart of cold water to form a thick syrup, clear it with the whites of two eggs, strain it, and put it aside until it is cool. Put half a pound of freshly gathered rose leaves into an earthen jar, and pour

over them the syrup, which should be lukewarm; cover closely, and leave for twenty-four hours; then strain and put into the jar another half a pound of rose leaves, covering them with the syrup, and leave them until the following day, when they should be replaced by a third half a pound, which in their turn should be left in the syrup for twenty-four hours. On the fourth day strain the syrup again (twice if necessary), add a tablespoonful of orange flower water and a bottle of liqueur brandy; mix well, and bottle at once. A few drops of carmine will improve the appearance of the liqueur. The rose petals should be selected from highly scented flowers, and a good proportion of tea rose petals will give a subtle flavour to the liqueur. Place the bottles on their sides in dry sawdust.

ORANGE GIN.

Take the thinly-pared rinds of eight lemons, eight Seville oranges, and six Tangerine oranges; put them into a jar with two-pennyworth of saffron and two pounds of pounded sugar candy, and cover with one gallon of unsweetened gin; place a piece of parchment over the jar, and tie it to keep it in place; stir the contents of the jar once a day, and at the end of three days strain the gin from the rinds of the fruit and bottle it.

MILK PUNCH.

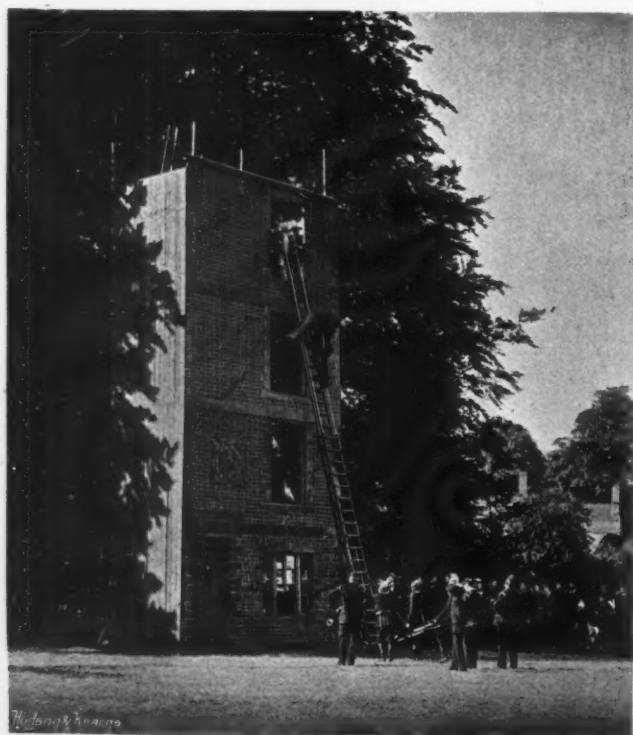
Cut the peel from six lemons and one Seville orange as thinly as possible, taking care not to remove any of the white skin with the peel, and let it infuse in a quart of rum in a covered jar for three days. Then add one quart of cold water, half a pint of lemon juice, half a pint of brandy, half a pound of finely crushed sugar candy, half a pint of green tea, a wineglassful of maraschino, half a pint of old Madeira, and half a grated nutmeg. Stir the ingredients well, and then pour in half a pint of new milk which is quite boiling. Let the mixture stand, closely covered, for twelve hours, then strain, taking care not to disturb the sediment, otherwise the milk punch will require straining a second time, and even then it will not be as clear as it should be. The above quantity of sugar candy may not be considered quite sufficient by some, in which case the punch may easily be made sweeter by the addition of a little powdered sugar after the milk has been mixed with the other ingredients.

I need hardly point out the necessity of using the best of everything in the ingredients. Those distressing concoctions known as "cooking" brandy and "cooking" Madeira, however they may escape detection in sauces, etc., will be unpleasantly in evidence if used for liqueurs. I should mention, by the way, that gin is frequently used instead of brandy for cherry brandy. The result is nearly the same, but not quite so good; the cost is obviously less.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

FIREMEN AT BLENHEIM.

OUR title need carry no apprehension to the minds of our readers. Of late, at any rate, there has been no conflagration at Blenheim, and the home of the Churchills has not been compelled to summon the firemen of all England to save it from what the tradition of journalism compels us to describe as the devouring element. Nothing worse has happened, and nothing better could have occurred than that the various fire brigades affiliated to the National Fire Brigades Union have assembled and encamped in Blenheim Camp at the invitation of the Duke of Marlborough, who is the president of the union. That the scenes witnessed and the spectacles presented during the period of encampment were brilliantly picturesque is a matter of fact which no person who was present



H. W. Taunt.

ESCAPE DRILL.

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H. W. Taunt.

THE PROCESSION.

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in Blenheim Park during those torrid days of August will question for a moment; and there are others who saw the great review of fire brigades in Windsor Home Park last year who will be sorry that they were unable to be present at Blenheim. But they will be glad that success was the keynote of the affair from beginning to end. Excellent discipline and temperate living in camp by day and by night must be held to be the true cause of the statement, made with real pleasure, that the health of the

camp was excellent, and that not a single case of sunstroke was reported, although the sun was scorching throughout. The demonstrations of the skill and wonderful promptitude of the firemen left nothing to be desired, and in one instance the Duke of Marlborough himself, entering heartily into the spirit of a celebration which he had encouraged and promoted, allowed himself to be rescued from the top story of a building which was by hypothesis tottering under the attacks of imaginary flames. But the celebration was something more than a delightful holiday given to deserving men in an historic park—it tended to foster an invaluable movement.

In our towns, even in London itself, our organisation against fire is by no means what it might be. Sir D. Colnaghi's report of the arrangements at Boston, for example, is full of valuable lessons for the London County Council. But to us the necessity of providing arrangements for coping with fire in the rural districts appears to be acutely pressing, and it is no common gratification to observe that some of the best exhibitions were given by provincial and even by rural fire brigades. The name of Captain Rouw, for example, is prominent, and he hails from Ruthin, which is quite a little town in the beautiful vale of Clwyd.

We want more men of his stamp and more men of such character as those whom he commands. Often the artistic, antiquarian, and intelligent world is shocked to learn that this or that historic house has been gutted by fire and that priceless relics have been lost for ever. Against such calamities volunteer fire brigades are the best precaution; and surely to be a volunteer fireman is as salutary in point of discipline, as interesting in point of occupation, and as exciting in point of danger, as to be a volunteer soldier. The hose-pipe is as honourable as the rifle, and the holder of it runs more risk and does as much good as the citizen soldier. These are some of the reasons which induce us to say that the holding of the firemen's camp in Blenheim Park has been an event of uncommon interest and importance.



H. W. Taunt.

WET DRILL.

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Cubbing and Hunting Notes.

ONE of the glories of the West was the old Eggesford pack, which the late Lord Portsmouth raised to a great pitch of perfection. When he died the pack was sold to Lord Worcester and Sir Watkin Wynn—the former taking the dogs, the latter the bitches. The price paid for them was £3,000. Then hunting seemed to languish in the Eggesford country till Mr. Bathurst came. In a difficult, heavily-wooded country hounds are everything, the pleasure of the sport depending on the pack—which one watches, for to follow them is not always possible—displaying the highest qualities of the foxhound. Mr. Bathurst, who will be known to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE as the author of the articles on the foxhound in the "Encyclopædia of Sport," recognising this, proceeded with care and patience to build up a pack. Though a delightful task, it was a slow one, but by steady perseverance he has begun to succeed. The old Portsmouth blood has been sought from the kennels at Badminton, and from the Quorn, too, has come that marvellous drive which Tom Firr has given that pack, and which is as necessary in a woodland country as in Leicestershire, for if foxes are to be killed in Devonshire they must be kept moving. Music, too, is needed, and that Mr. Bathurst has bred for, as the grand chorus that comes up from the deep wooded valleys at Eggesford serves to show.

But anyone who wishes to see what can be achieved in a short time in building up a pack should visit Mr. Austin, Mackenzie's kennels. The Woodland Pytchley are, of course, comparatively a modern pack, but for bone and quality they are unsurpassed. They have not the marvellous family likeness of the Belvoir, but their necks and shoulders are perhaps better than that famous pack, while they have not the tendency to lightness of tongue which characterised the Belvoir some time ago. Mr. Mackenzie's puppy show struck me as being the best of the year, and his young entry should be one to be proud of.

The Exmoor have begun hunting, and Mr. Bathurst and the Westmeath (with Captain Pakenham in command) have been cubbing. So have the East Galway, the wife of whose Master, Captain Harrison, is the fortunate owner of the Dublin prize-winner, Aladdin. In all cases cubs are plentiful, and I hear that there is after all very little mange in the Quorn country, where, it will be recollected, an outbreak was threatened at the end of last season.

Captain Burns-Hartopp has a good entry and a capital show of foxes, and altogether prospects are good. The Belvoir will start with plenty of cubs, and Sir Gilbert Greenall has the best lot of horses for himself and his men of any Master in England. Foxes swarm on Mr. Fernie's hunt, and as they have no big woods, October is a charming month in that country. In fact, cub-hunting there is better than hunting in many less favoured counties. Twenty years or more ago we galloped from Glen Gorse without check or hover to Launde, and killed the cub under the dining-room windows of the Abbey as the family were going to breakfast.

T. F. DALE.



H. W. Taunt.

THE REVIEW.

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"As a Man Sows."

ALICIA RAMSEY and Rudolph de Cordova are "arriving." Several slight plays and dramas in one act have paved the way to work more ambitious, and we see ripening in "As a Man Sows" powers which, if we are not to be disappointed, should lead their fortunate possessors to high success in a serious and worthy field. If "As a Man Sows"—far from faultless as it is—can find no home in the centre of London, Mr. William Archer's plea for the Endowed Theatre gains another potent argument. Candidly, I doubt if it will find such a home; for it is gloomy, it is tedious in parts, it is long drawn out and wordy. But it is fresh, strong, dramatic, earnest, interesting from beginning to end. The tedium militates against its claim to be good drama, and, so far, no blame would attach to the theatrical body if it refused to assimilate it until these faults were removed. But its gloom cannot be urged against it as an offence against art; and, if fine serious plays are to be taboo simply because they are very serious, simply because a wise commercial management knows that the great paying public will not be bored by serious work, then for the sake of our drama, for the sake of our literature, for the sake of our stage, it is necessary, vitally necessary, that an endowed institution should enable them to appeal to lovers of art, whether that art be grave or gay. Heaven forbid that our drama should drift into lecture, that it should mainly consist of the gruesome or the problematical; but, if we are to continue to possess a dramatic literature, the most serious work must be allowed an outlet, a vehicle of expression, somewhere.

The lesson our authors set out to teach is an old one. "As a man sows so shall he reap" is their text—old enough in all conscience—and yet there is a flaw in their premises. The awful fate of Fairfax Vining is certainly due in large measure to his sowing. Yet not all. Some predisposition, some inherited cause, there must have been. Lasting insanity would hardly come from a few years of dissipation, from one attack of delirium tremens. In analysing an ambitious, a problem play, we must allow our authors nothing, none of the grace given to ordinary fiction, none of the conventions, none of the theatrical make-believes. They must submit to searching inexorably scientific. So, Fairfax Vining's punishment is too severe for his crime—that is on the basis of the text "As a man sows." If the text were something chosen from the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination, well and good; but it isn't.

Fairfax Vining is called by various people in the play the "English Guy de Maupassant." They have given him the title because of the cleverness, the genius of one great book. He applies it in another way, for he has a sort of prescience that one day he will go mad. Even at the beginning of the play he is horribly fascinated by dead butterflies. He has gone to the dogs, he has led a life of unbridled profligacy, he has entwined in his hair a wreath of vine leaves—and kept it there. But there is one clean spot in his life—his unspoken love for the beautiful, the wealthy, the angelic Felicity Hardyng. And when she breaks down her reserve, confesses her love, forbids him to go, to his credit be it said, he makes strenuous efforts to resist; he refuses for long the heaven held open to him. But, at last, love conquers his good resolutions, and he takes her to his arms and is happy.

A new life begins for him. He cuts off at one blow all the evils of the past, though they haunt him, and he finds that sin leaves an aftermath not readily cleansed away. He submits to the sneers of all around him, to the catechising of her people. She trusts him and believes in him, and, while that trust and belief last, his manhood maintains its hold. He is still a prey to morbid thoughts; he is still fascinated by the painted wings of the butterflies; but he has a tight grip on himself; they do not increase their power; in time they would vanish, never to come back. But the reaping is yet to come. The trust that has withstood so much, the belief that has never waived, one day receive a shock too great even for the staunch love which

has inspired them. What that shock is need not concern us now; it is the one *coup de théâtre* of the play, one of the most theatrically effective things in it; but it does not really concern the main issue—any shock would have served. It is all a mistake, but it banishes him from her presence; takes away from his storm-tossed soul its sheet anchor. From this moment we note his downfall. Very skilfully and convincingly the authors trace for us the clouding of his brain, the growth of morbidity, the gradual development from that into madness. Very artistically they weave through it all the man's overmastering love, the agony of his despair. He has written another great book; but his greatest treasure is a little silver box which holds the faded snowdrops she gave him. To him the dead flowers are butterflies. And when she comes to him and passionately pleads for forgiveness, she finds a man demented, mourning the butterflies which have flown away, but which were never there. That is the solemn, darksome story, told in manner far from faultless, but with art, and heart, and pathos all the same.

Luckily, at the Grand Theatre at Islington the play received an interpretation worthy of it. Mr. Herbert Waring, as Vining, acted with splendid vigour, yet—rare conjunction—perfect restraint. Every phase of the character was illumined by him. To his love he gave a passion that seemed just what the love of such a man would be. To his remorse, that touch of dogged bravado we expect from Vining. In the last act he showed us the nervous irritability, the inconsequence, the ever-growing strength of his disease, its changes of mood, the transient moments of reason, with the horror which comes with them, in a masterly and convincing manner. It was a very fine performance. Miss Kate Rorke was everything that was sweet and lovable and womanly, and bright and sympathetic little character sketches were given by Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Cecil Ramsey, Mr. Frank Fenton, and Miss Pattie Bell. It is to be hoped that artistic centres in London will be given the opportunity of seeing "As a Man Sows."

B. L.



WE went to the Fulham Theatre to see "The Lady of Lyons" with hearts beating high and expectation at its tensest, for Ellen Terry was to be Pauline. The very idea was full of delight; here, surely, was a part in which Miss Terry would be the old Ellen Terry again, after the disappointments of Catherine of Russia, "Medicine Man" heroines, and other similar mistakes for which she was no whit responsible. Her Pauline, perhaps, might not insist quite sufficiently on the side of hauteur and angry passion in the third act; but how womanly, how sweet and gentle in the previous scenes where Prince Claude teaches her to love; how divinely melting and overpoweringly pathetic when Peasant Claude wins her heart again and sets out for the wars.

All this might have been had not Miss Terry, probably from nervousness, stumbled over the text, halted where she should have rushed headlong, stammered when Lytton's flat phrases wanted all the help of her who spoke them to bring out their poetic meaning; for Lytton's intention was all right—the heart is there, and the humanity, and the romance, though his prose is turgid and his rhodomontades merely fustian. So, with deepest sorrow it must be said, the actress who should have been the sweetest, the most pathetic Pauline imaginable, was disappointing, shadowy, unconvincing, not even very pathetic. Of course, in the great scene of parting, Miss Terry overcame her timidity and gave it much of its stress and passion; but then that is a scene which "acts itself," it is almost impossible not to make an effect in it. Very likely, after the first performance, Miss Terry's Pauline had every charm which at first it lacked, every attribute we then found wanting. This is one of the hardships of first-night criticism, but it is one which Miss Terry endures in common with every histrionic artist.

Mr. Frank Cooper was an earnest, a well-meaning, but an absolutely uninspired and uninteresting Claude. The Palace by the Lake of Como is very rickety by this time; but, if the actor can, from his own personality, put poetry into it, the description of it is by no means ineffective. It was most ineffective at Fulham. A satisfactory Damas was Mr. Louis Calvert; an inadequate Béaumont, Mr. Ben Webster; but Mr. Courtenay Thorpe evidently imagined Glavis to be a travelling gymnast, smirking where we wanted style, quite unhumorous, and very irritating. Mrs. Louis Calvert was a Madame Deschappelles of Peckham in the present year of grace; Miss Ada Mellon a passable Widow Melnotte; Mr. Cremlin a rather boisterous but acceptable Landlord.

How will Mrs. Patrick Campbell play Lady Macbeth? With the example before one of the castigation administered to a certain famous critic for asking a similar question in reference to the assumption of the part of Madame Sans-Gêne—was it not?—by Miss Ellen Terry, it would be a daring thing to ask. Or perhaps the critic did not err in putting the question, but in answering it. So I will not be guilty of the indiscretion. But, as the revival of "Macbeth" at the Lyceum, by Mr. Forbes Robertson, is naturally causing much interest, let us theorise. Suppose Mrs. Campbell plays the character as she played Ophelia, as she has played almost every part since her triumph as the Second Mrs. Tanqueray—that is to say, suppose she is simply herself, relying entirely on the charm and magnetism of her own charming and magnetic personality, differentiating the character not at all—what sort of a Lady Macbeth will that be? She will be rather cooing, decidedly sinuous, not at all a virago, not very passionate or crafty; but dangerous with the danger of a snake; soft and feminine, with the femininity of the feline kind; a sorceress in whose hands Macbeth will be as clay, though he never for a moment suspects that she is ruling him. But, of course, this is all supposing. Just as likely as not Mrs. Patrick Campbell has a big surprise in store for us.

Ere these lines are in type the dramatic season will have begun in dead earnest, and three new plays will have had their fate put to the touch. On Tuesday, "Tommy Dodd," a new farce at the Globe Theatre; on Wednesday, Mr. George R. Sims' new drama, "The Gipsy Earl," at the Adelphi; and on Thursday, Messrs. Murray Carson and Louis Parker's play, "The Termagant," at Her Majesty's, were to have been produced. On Saturday, "Her Royal Highness," by the author and composer of "The French Maid," will be presented at the Vaudeville.



AN announcement of great interest to lovers of the literature of bird and beast comes from Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who have for some time made a special feature of books dealing with natural history and kindred subjects. All the world knows that Mr. Bartlett at the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park was emphatically the right man in the right place. His care of the animals was not merely a matter of official duty, but also one of affection and personal regard; his observation of their habits and their ways was close and constant. To learn, therefore, that under the title "Wild Animals in Captivity," Mr. Bartlett's notes and anecdotes are soon to become accessible to the public, is to hear very pleasant news indeed. Of the success of the venture there need be little fear. Few indications of a healthy taste in the English people are more conspicuous than those which point to a strong fancy for easy-going natural history, and few men have enjoyed the opportunities which fell to the lot of Mr. Bartlett. The work of editing his papers has devolved upon his son, Mr. Edward Bartlett.

Another book to which it is justifiable to look forward with considerable interest is the work upon the pigmies of Africa which has been written by Captain Burrows, late of the 2nd Fusiliers, who has travelled much in that strange country of which it is still true to say "Ex Africa semper aliquid novi." Herodotus was the first to inform the world of the existence of these strange little creatures. But Herodotus was always regarded as something of a romancer. Then Mr. H. M. Stanley came forward with just enough information to confirm Herodotus and to tantalise us. From Captain Burrows one may reasonably expect information of a more complete character, for his travels have been very extensive, and no other European has ever had such opportunities of studying the country of the dwarfs, which is the region lying between the Aruwimi and the Booner rivers.

The *Daily Chronicle* has raked up some quaint little pieces of information concerning the early experiences of the publishing house of Bentley, which has now for the second time ceased to exist. Amongst its publications were many works of Beaumont and Fletcher, Wycherley, Otway, and Mrs. Behn. It records also the fact that Otway dedicated "The Soldier's Fortune" to the Richard Bentley of the seventeenth century in express recognition of the very handsome manner in which he had been treated by the publisher in matters of business.

One is compelled to think rather of the new books to come than of the new books that are already in our hands, and, considering that September has come, it must be confessed that the book crop is as thin as that of partridges in some unlucky districts. But this poverty will not be for long. Soon the patrons of sumptuous elegance in books will have the *édition de luxe* of Tennyson in many volumes to rejoice in. Messrs. Macmillan also have a limited edition of the Rubaiyat in store; and amongst the treats in store for the light reader will be Bret Harte's "Stories in Light and Shadow," Mr. George Paston's "A Writer of Books," Mr. Leveitt-Yeats's "The Heart of Denise," Mr. Rider Haggard's "Swallow," and Mr. W. E. Norris's "The Widower."

Messrs. Longmans' chief announcements are "The Memoirs of the Verney Family" (fourth and last volume); "The Life of William Morris," by J. W. Mackail; and a new volume by Edna Lyall. Messrs. Methuen will be strong in travel with "Northward, Over the Great Ice," by Lieutenant Peary, and "The Highest Andes," by E. A. Fitzgerald; but the flood tide of literature is not yet, and meanwhile the correspondence as to holiday reading started by the *Academy* continues to be interesting. In the current number Mr. Arthur

Symons, Mr. Oscar Browning, and some anonymous writers make really valuable suggestions.

Books to order from the library:—

- "Hunting Trips in the Caucasus." E. Demidoff, Prince San Donato. (Rowland Ward.)
- "Wild Eelin." W. Black. (Sampson Low.)
- "Peggy of the Bartons." B. M. Croker. (Methuen.)
- "Entanglements." Francis Prevost. (Service and Paton.)
- "Jason Edwards." Hamlin Garland. (Thacker.)
- "In High Places." M. E. Braddon. (Hutchinson.)

LOOKER-ON.

Yorkshire Studs and Doncaster Yearlings.

THE WISDOM STUD.—There are few parts of Yorkshire that I have ever seen which are not eminently suitable for the breeding and rearing of bloodstock, and perhaps none more so than the land at Bickerton, near Wetherby, where Mr. A. Hoole has bred so many winners, and where he made that famous sire, Wisdom, the extraordinary stud success that he was. If anyone should doubt this, let him go to Doncaster on Wednesday next, and see the big, well-grown, big-limbed yearlings which will be sent there from the Wisdom Stud. Of these there are twenty altogether, nine colts and eleven fillies. Among the former is a level, square-made bay by Donovan out of Lady Candahar—a hard, clean sort, with substance, quality, and the best of limbs; an elegant bay by Adieu—Instinct, with wide quarters, and a clean, blood-like forehead; and a lengthy, racing-like chestnut by Wellington—Flint, that will take the fancy of all judges who like short legs, long shoulders, and big quarters. There is a sharp, quick colt by Wellington out of Queen Johanna; and a strong, well-let-down chestnut by Wellington—Erminie; whilst that promising young sire, Quickly Wise, has a big, strong, reaching chestnut out of Bettisfield, a rare sample of what he can do, and a really good yearling.

The same sire has a hardy-looking colt out of Gone, particularly good behind the saddle; and a nicely-turned dark bay colt is that by Balmoral out of Silent, a good mover, and a capital youngster to follow. We then came to what is, in my opinion, the best of all, and as promising a yearling as anyone could wish to see, the chestnut colt by Wellington out of Lovelorn, dam of Love Wisely. This youngster will be bigger than the Ascot Cup winner, with power, length, and quality. He stands on short, well-formed, big-boned legs, is a beautiful mover, and a yearling of the highest class.

I was next shown the fillies, and a really remarkable lot they are. A very pretty, active young lady is the brown by Hawkeye—Vesper Bell, and as sharp as a needle; a lengthy good sort, with more substance than the last, is one by the same sire out of Discreet. There are several other good fillies by Hawkeye, among them a lengthy, nicely-turned bay, with a great back and loins, out of Silence; a deep-bodied bay, big and strong, out of Fair Game; and a powerful bay of the thick, stoutly-built type, out of Bakewell. Ba'moral is responsible for a brown of beautiful quality, and sure to race, out of Mountain Finch; a lengthy powerful bay out of Heather; and a sharp, clever, racing-like little daughter of the mare by St. Symphorien from Drachenfels. This is a first foal out of a two year old mare. Of all the fillies, and a rare good lot they are, I think I like best the three by Quickly Wise. These are a bay out of Stock-grove, backward, but a lengthy improving sort; a grand chestnut out of Prickles, with size, power, and quality, and a really good yearling; and best of all, a chestnut, curiously splashed with white, out of Golden Fleece, very big, but true-shaped, with no lumber, on the best of legs and feet, with great power and reach, and a first-class yearling all over.

THE KEELE STUD.—Mr. Ralph Sneyd's stud farm at Keele Park in Staffordshire has not been very long in existence, but it has already made a name for itself. This year's lot comprise some first-class colts and fillies, amongst whom are several that are sure to please the best judges, and ought to make good prices.

I was shown the colts first, both in their boxes and in a big paddock outside, and among these I at once picked out one as a yearling of the highest class. This is the big powerful brown by Blue Green out of Yesterling. In appearance he is a rare combination of power and quality, with length in the right places, and beautiful light action. He gave me the idea of a colt who will make a great slashing horse, and an almost certain race-horse. I have a sort of idea that this colt may make Blue Green's reputation as a sire. Another I liked is the big, leathery, useful-looking chestnut by Dog Rose out of Signorina, by Pacific (by Thormanby). He is at present a great, loose-made baby, and wants time, but he looks like making a fine slashing horse when he gets better knitted and muscled up, whilst he is full of liberty, and is a hard, wiry, useful-looking sort all over. A nice, clean, good-sized youngster is the bay colt by Blue Green out of Downright, by Sterling. He is full of racing-like shapes, and is a most certain to gallop. A very nicely-bred colt is the bay or brown by Blue Green out of Intruder, by Isonomy from Out of Bounds, by Hermit. In his box I thought him almost too compact and thick-set, but he lengthens out into a really nice yearling in the paddock, is full of liberty, and a capital goer. The last of the colts is a bay, by that very well-bred and handsome sire, Mortaigne, out of White Lie, by Veracity, son of Wisdom. He is rather small and light, but has nice length, and he will very likely come on a lot.

I was next taken to see the fillies, a very even team, though of course there were one or two that I liked better than the rest. They are not a very big lot, and perhaps the most noticeable for size and scope is the bay or brown by Blue Green out of the oldest of Mr. Sneyd's two mares by Royal Hampton from Bal Gal. This is a hard, lengthy, substantial sort, with capital shoulders, and well let down everywhere. There is a clever, lengthy, light-topped bay by Blue Green out of Princess, by Charibert, that will gallop; and the younger of the two Royal Hampton mares out of Bal Gal has a nice, active, wiry brown filly by Black Bryony, which inherits her sire's beautiful Rosicrucian quality, is full of racing points, has capital limbs, and looks like making an early sort, although she is a first foal, and was not born until the 22nd of March. A very pretty little filly, and full of quality, like all the Thurios, is the brown by Dog Rose out of Thuria, by Thurio. She is a compact, well-balanced young lady of the active and compact type, and as quick as lightning in the paddock. More still some judges may like the bay filly by Black Bryony out of Maia, by Hydromel (by Parmesan), a sound, clean, short-backed, active filly, with good shoulders, big bone, nice short legs, and sure to race. My old favourite, Rose Marion, has a useful brown filly by Blue Green. The now fashionable Musket blood is

represented by a long, low bay or brown by Blue Green out of Cartridge, by Musket, a very level, pretty filly; and then we came to the last, and my favourite of all those of her sex. This was the brown by Dog Rose out of Puck, by Peter, and a wiry, light-topped, lengthy sort, all liberty, quality, and action; not a big one, but all use, and a regular varmint-looking mare all over.

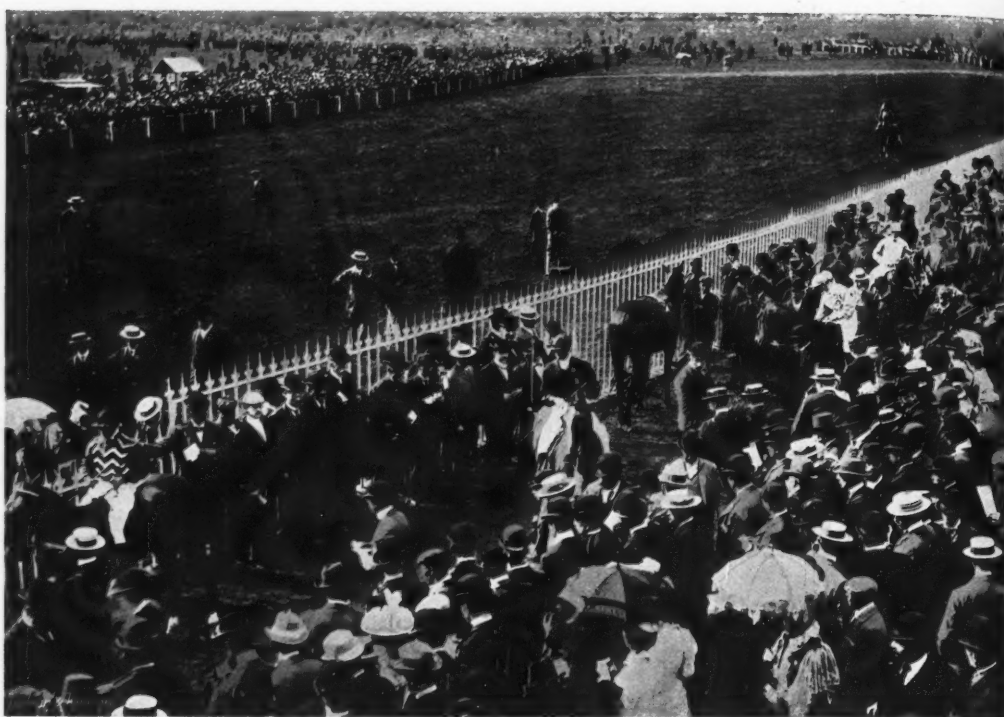
MR. R. A. BRICE'S.—A new recruit to the ranks of Doncaster yearling sellers, Mr. R. A. Brice, will be warmly welcomed when the quality of his five colts and one filly is seen at the first day's sale. It is unfortunate for him to have to sell on Tuesday, but someone must do so, and the quality of these six yearlings will speak for itself.

A brown colt by Raeburn out of Iso Hampton is a compact, sturdy sort, with beautifully-turned back, loins, and quarters. There is a lot to like about the big, fine, lengthy bay colt by Saraband out of Gaillardia. This is a clean, reachy sort, and will gallop. An old favourite of mine ever since his foalhood is the beautifully-shaped chestnut colt by Carnage out of Queen of the Adriatic, a level, racing-like youngster, with great power, beautiful quality, short cannon bones, and full of liberty. A good hard sort is this. A very useful two year old is Fifeshire, by Hampton out of St. Elizabeth, by St. Simon, who won a race last week, and his half-brother, by Hampton's son, Royal Hampton, is sure to make a good price, and probably a good race-horse too. He is a big, fine colt, with size, power, and bone, rare shoulders, and will grow into a slashing fine horse. It is worth noticing that most of the best Royal Hampton's have been chestnuts. There is a nice brown colt by Fitz Simon out of Yummy; and then I was shown a charming filly by Simonian out of Hamiltrude. This is a lengthy, racing-like young lady, full of St. Simon quality, with a beautiful back, short legs, and good bone. She is as quick as lightning in the paddock, and is worth a lot of money as a brood mare—St. Simon on Hampton—even if she never wins a race.

I advise all buyers to have a look at these yearlings as soon as possible, as they are coming up on Tuesday.

RACING NOTES.

I DO not remember having ever seen a better attendance at York than on last week's Ebor Handicap day. Unfortunately the field for that once important handicap was about the worst on record. The top weight, Barford, was about the nearest approach to a good-class handicap horse among the lot, but he is not a taking horse in the paddock; Invincible II. is but a useful plater, Carnatum a mere rat; and the strength of the field may be imagined from the fact that at the last moment many people fancied Mr. Pio Torterolo's Cartouche III. Dancing Wave and Bonny Winkfield, who set a good pace from the start, had spun themselves out by the time they reached the bend for home, and then, after Barford and Locarno had each flattered their admirers, Carnatum looked all over a winner until Invincible II., vigorously ridden by Madden, gradually wore her down and won an exciting race by a neck. Locarno



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LEAVING THE PADDOCK FOR THE EBOR HANDICAP.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

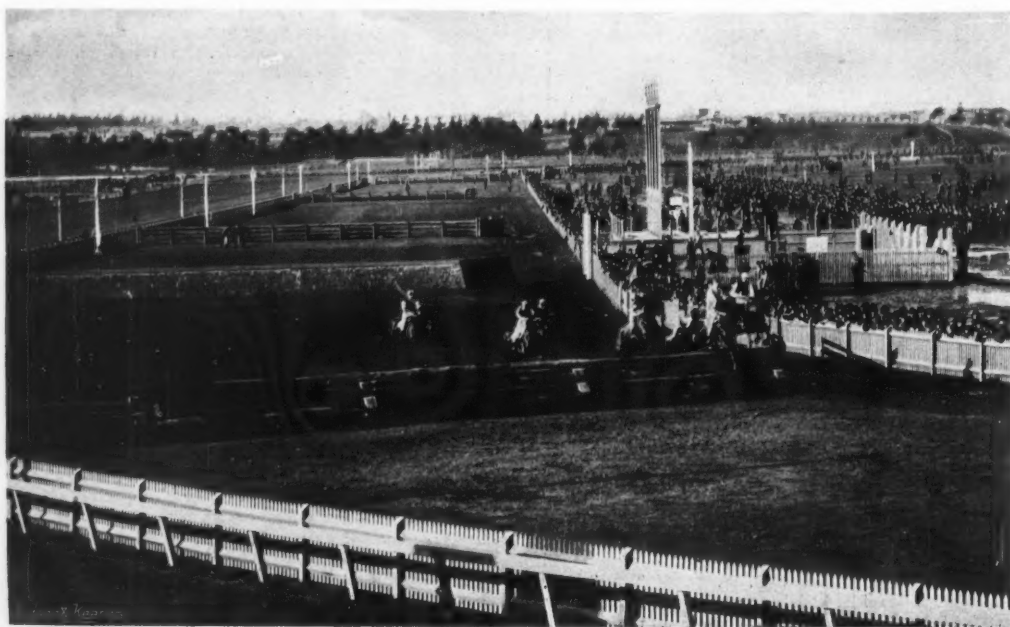
was third, and the rest all ran badly. Sir J. Miller followed this up by winning the next race, the Londesborough Handicap Stakes, with the beautifully-bred three year old Galashiels, by Galopin out of Thebais; and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's neat bloodlike little Rosana, by Bumptious out of Rosalie, took the Convivial Produce Stakes for two year olds by half a length from Politesse, with the favourite, Wolf's Hope, third. The Virginian was made an odds on favourite for the Duke of York Stakes; but he is a disappointing brute, and could or would only finish third to Pheon and Heckler, of whom the first-named won easily by three lengths.

The third day of the York Meeting was better than the second from a racing point of view, the Gimcrack Stakes and the Great Yorkshire Stakes both being interesting events, though neither of them were favourable to backers. For the former of these Simonside was voted almost a certainty, the only danger seeming to lie in Blue Green's wide-hipped, good-looking daughter Quassia. The best of the whole lot, however, in the paddock I took to be the own sister to Spook, Queen Fairy, and she justified the confidence of her friends by winning easily from Galopin Lassie, with Quassia third. There were only four runners for the Yorkshire Stakes, and Batt, although looking rather big for him, was naturally made favourite. He was no match, however, for Greenan, who won somewhat cleverly, I thought, by a neck. The winner, who is no doubt a very improved colt, is by St. Simon out of Sunrise, by Springfield from Sunray, by King of the Forest. I do not think that Batt's defeat was quite right, and those who back him for a place in the St. Leger at his present price will, I think, have no cause to regret it afterwards.

There were two really good things at Hurst Park on Friday last, and as they both came off, backers, who had had a bad time at York, ought to have received back all their losses. The first of these was Draco, who could hardly have lost the Autumn Selling Plate, and why he was allowed to start at 13 to 8 I cannot think. As it was, he won as he liked for the Lorillard-Beresford confederacy, and was bought in by the last-named partner for 600 guineas.

Just as great a certainty was Lucknow for the All-Aged Plate, though as backers had to lay 100 to 30 on him they could not have profited to the same extent. It was a liberal price to take, all the same, as the Prince's colt was this time ridden by J. Watts, and not by a 6st. boy, so that he ran straight enough, and racing away when he liked, won in a common canter by four or five lengths.

The Anglo-American stable controlled by Mr. P. Lorillard and Lord William Beresford was again to the front on the second day of the meeting, when it won the All-Aged Maiden Plate with Illogic, by The Sailor Prince; and the Hampton Selling Plate with Belisama, by Sensation. Both these started favourites, as is not to be wondered at, considering the frequent successes of this stable, and Belisama was subsequently sold to Lord William Beresford for 240 guineas. Thus ended a most enjoyable meeting, as all Hurst Park meetings are, with good sport, and nothing left undone by the management for the comfort and convenience of their patrons. OUTPOST.



J. R. Mann.

G. N. STEEPLCHASE; LAST OF THE TREBLE.

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Colonial Chasing.

I HAVE heard it denied in this country that the steeplechase "countries" in Australia and New Zealand are so much stiffer than ours. A glance at the accompanying illustration, LAST OF THE TREBLE, which was taken whilst the Victoria Grand National Steeplechase was being run, will afford sufficient evidence of the uncompromising nature of the obstacles on Australasian steeplechase courses. One thing is very certain, that there is not a chaser in training in this country who could race over such fences as are shown here, or any jockeys who would be found to ride over them. We are also able to give a remarkably life-like picture of the Open Hurdle Race, won by Carbonate; and another of the stewards watching the finish of the Lawn Handicap from a sort of elevated stand. For the Open Hurdle Race there were seven runners, and for the Lawn Handicap of six furlongs, which was won by City Band, no less than fourteen starters went to the post.

For the principal event of the day, the Grand National Steeplechase, of three miles and one furlong, there were eleven runners, of whom the five year old Pirate, with only 9st. to carry, was made favourite at 4 to 1.

Steeplechases in Australia are run right through, and not at the miserable pace we are used to see in this country, one race always excepted. On this



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THE OPEN HURDLE RACE.

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occasion the pace had told its tale a mile from home, where Hayseed lost his place by hitting one of the posts and rails, and two other competitors fell. Floater and Fernbank then had the race between them, and the superior speed of the former telling in the run home, he came in an easy winner, having been beautifully handled all through by Hales, brother to the celebrated Australian Archer. Fernbank was second, and Euro third, whilst only two others completed the course, six out of eleven having failed to get the country.

Doncaster: Its Memories and Associations.

IF Doncaster cannot lay claim to the honour of being the actual birthplace of horse-racing in England, there can be no two opinions as to the antiquity of the race-meetings held there. A map of the town, published in the year 1595, shows the sites of two race-courses on its outskirts, while, five years later, the municipal archives record an act of summary justice undertaken in the interest of early race-goers: "That whereas Hugh Wyrral, gent, has caused a stoop to be sett on Doncaster More, at the west end of the horse race, y^e Mr. Levett may likewise sett a workman to cutt down or dig up the said stoop." By the year 1614, these races had achieved such popularity that mention is made of the disbursement of a special fund for the construction of a "waye to the horse race," as well as for the maintenance of order on the course itself; in fact, in the following summer, the authorities were so alarmed at the disturbances—"quarrels, murders, bloodsheds"—which then took place, that an edict was promulgated ordering the stands to be pulled up, and the "More employed to some better use." Apparently this seventeenth century Anti-Gambling League met with ignominious failure, for in 1617 we learn that Doncaster races were attended by so many visitors that it was found necessary to publish race cards. These cards, the first that ever were published, were made of soft, cross-handed paper, and, in addition to the running lists, were embellished by rude woodcuts depicting exciting finishes. From the latter, interesting contemporary evidence concerning the customs in vogue on old-time race-courses is to be derived. It would appear, for instance, that the judge and starter both carried flags, the former dropping his after each race, to signify that no objection could be entertained. In Puritan days, Doncaster not unnaturally experienced a reversal of fortune, but in 1687 the fixture was again going strong, for in that year the funds of the corporation were first called upon to contribute what is now termed "added money," five pounds being the sum thus given. Proceeding, however, to the more detailed and, therefore, more trustworthy records of the sport provided, we find that in the year 1728 the races were held in July, and extended over two days, one race, split up into three four-mile heats, being decided on each day. In 1740, the meeting had grown to three days, but the last one was reserved for Galloway racing.

Let us now turn to the story of the great race itself, always dearer to the Yorkshireman's heart than any South Country struggle, Titanic though the latter may be. In the year 1776 there was established a sweepstake of 25 guineas

each for colts and fillies, carrying 7st. 2lb., the distance of this new race being fixed at two miles. Among its most enthusiastic supporters was a certain Colonel St. Leger, of Grange Mellon, County Carlow, a gentleman who had always achieved considerable notoriety by founding the "Hell Fire Club." The three year old race immediately caught on, and two years later, when a bevy of the leading Doncaster patrons were dining together at the Red Lion Inn in the town, the Marquess of Rockingham rose and proposed that the compliment of naming it after him should be paid to their brother sportsman, "Sellinger." Again, in the following year, entirely on the strength of its popularity, a new grand stand was erected, at the cost of £7,000. While on the subject of stands, it may be mentioned that the "Noblemen's Stand," built in 1826, fully deserves its title, since it was erected at the private expense of the Dukes of Portland, Cleveland, Leeds, and Devonshire, the Marquesses of Londonderry, Queensberry, Titchfield, and Westminster, and the Lords Wilton, Fitzwilliam, Eglington, Uxbridge, Durham, and Bruce. From time immemorial, the Fitzwilliam family have been ardent supporters of the Doncaster Meeting. Early in the century, their semi-feudal procession from Wentworth to the Town Moor would have been tolerated in no other country but our own. The most magnificent equipages, each drawn by six bays, ornamented with orange-coloured favours and rosettes, contained the members of the family and their distinguished guests; before the carriages rode twenty outriders, and behind them came all the well-to-do tenants on the Fitzwilliam estates, riding four or more abreast in a cavalcade that assumed the proportions of a cavalry regiment. An amusing story is told of the visit paid to the meeting by the Prince Regent and the Duke of Clarence, as the guests of Lord Fitzwilliam, in the year 1806. The Prince, who was suffering from a bad cold in the head, was showing himself to the people one morning from a balcony in the town, when an old Yorkshirewoman forced her way through the crowd, exclaiming, "Which is the Prince?" "I must see the Prince!" Then in a tone of profound contempt, "Him the Prince? Why, he blows his own nose!" It may not be generally known that the Queen has once seen the Leger run, but in 1835, as Princess Victoria, both she and the Duchess of Kent honoured the Wentworth house-party with their presence, and accompanied its members to the Town Moor, where the great race was won by a filly bearing the appropriate name of Queen of Trumps. The whole history of the Turf can hardly boast a more interesting array of curious and

unique incidents than that connected with the St. Leger alone. The more important of them may be epitomised as follows. When Champion won in 1800, his sire's name, Potato, had been written, by an ignorant stable-boy entrusted with the filling up of the entry form, "Potoooooooo"—a vagary of spelling that would have led to a fatal objection had not responsibility for the same been accepted by the owner, Mr. Wilson. In 1809 Middlethorpe, the favourite, breaking his bridle at the starting-post, had to be held by a handkerchief until a new one could be obtained. The race of 1813 was famous for its ten false starts, and that of 1822 for the losing wager of 1,000 guineas to a walking-stick laid against the winner, Theodore. In 1825 Manchester was so deeply interested in the chances of Memnon that the news of this horse's victory was sent across country tied to the necks of blood-hounds. In 1827 a field of twenty-six gave such trouble to the starter that the then Duke of Devonshire had to come to the aid of that official; while in 1829 the military had to be requisitioned in the mornings and evenings of the race week to clear the streets of the thimble-riggers and roulette sharpers, who had



J. R. Mann

STEWARDS WATCHING A FINISH.

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refused to quit the town when ordered to do so by the civil authorities. The same year saw the death of the eccentric Mr. James Hirst, aged 91—a prosperous county banker who had attended the races for eighty consecutive seasons. This peculiar individual always dressed in sheepskins, with a waistcoat of drakes' feathers, and used to drive up to the course in a carriage constructed without the use of a single nail or screw, and drawn by dogs, asses, or bulls. To heighten the oddity of this extraordinary turn-out, a brace of tame foxes were attached to the hind axle of the vehicle, two quaintly attired men servants, armed with fowling-pieces, sat on the box seat, while James Hirst himself used to respond to the cheers of the mob by scattering among them his own Bank of Raincliffe notes, bearing the following advice: "I promise to pay John Bull or Bearer five halfpence."

To come to more modern times, the Cup Day of 1887 stands out with lamentable conspicuousness, as then, for the first and only time, the magnificent railway arrangements were marred by the terrible disaster at the Hexthorpe ticket platform. Twenty-five persons were killed and sixty injured in a collision between two race specials, but the calamity had its bright side. Immediately the news reached the course, subscription lists for the aid of the sufferers were

opened in the principal rings, and within a few minutes' time the sum total of the donations had attained to a high figure. Lastly, the race week of 1893 found the country around Doncaster in the throes of the bitterness and privation engendered by the great coal strike. The triumph of Isinglass on that occasion is, of course, still fresh in the minds of most persons, but the mystery connected with T. Loates' missing cap has never yet been solved. The jockey dropped it near the rifle butts, passing the winning-post capless. But whether it was picked up by some enthusiastic Tyke, to preserve as a relic of a great horse, or whether it was cut to shreds under the hoofs of the field, the most diligent enquiries have failed to discover.

If report speaks truly, the founder of the last classic event of the year's horse-racing had a by no means edifying end; some say, indeed, that the honorary president of the "Hell Fire Club" came in person for him. Certain it is that the superstitious peasantry are still not given to frequenting the lonely roads around his ancestral Irish mansion on stormy nights. His coach has often been seen, the Colonel on the box seat, the inside seats occupied by a crew of roystering bucks. Not that it would be possible to recognise any of them, for all, bad "Selling" included, are minus their heads.

DONCASTER BLOODSTOCK SALES.



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THE SALE PADDOCK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

THERE is something peculiarly fascinating about yearling thorough-breds, with their ancestral traditions and their endless possibilities; and there is just the element of gambling in buying them which always appeals to the love of speculation born in most of us. There is a popular fallacy that high-priced yearlings never do any good afterwards, but this is quite a mistake, and many a future winner of important races has been purchased for a big price as a yearling at the Doncaster sales. Others, too, that have gone for less money, have often turned out well, and I always think that one can tell better what a yearling is likely to become later on, at Doncaster time, than one can earlier in the season, and that it is therefore the best place at which to buy. I have seen a lot of good yearlings lately that will come under the hammer next week in the sale paddocks of Doncaster, many of whom have been already described in these columns. I will now run briefly through these, and some others whom I have not seen myself, but have had described to me by good judges.

On Tuesday Mr. R. A. Brice is offering a very good lot of six, which will be found described in another part of this number; and I have heard a good account of Mr. J. Robinson's black filly by Amphion out of Little Darkie, by Doubloon. Among the best that will be offered on the first day are Mr. Dobson Peacock's, which were fully described in this paper on the 20th of last month. A wonderfully well-grown, big-boned lot are these three colts, two geldings, and three fillies, of whom I liked especially the beautiful bay filly by Waraby out of Ju, by Tertius. These yearlings are all full of hard blood, and have been reared on good limestone land.

I also dealt fully with the Blink Bonny Stud yearlings on the 13th of August. These will come up on Wednesday, and are a level, good lot, whilst I shall be very much surprised if there is not some keen competition to become possessor of the very blood-like young race-horse by Shancrotha out of Princess Ludwig II. There is also a good sister in blood to Self Sacrifice, and a nice filly by Tyrant out of Miss Muriel, among Mr. Miles P'Anson's lot. I have heard good accounts of Lord Feversham's little team, though, as I have not seen them, I cannot speak of my own knowledge, as I can about Lord Scarborough's lot of eleven, all of whom will be greatly admired when they walk into the ring. Indeed I have never seen better grown or finer yearlings than these, and there is not a bad mover amongst them. There is a great fine colt by Gone Coon out of Freestone that may grow into anything; a charming chestnut colt by Prism out of Corraboree, that is full of quality and all action; and one of the best fillies I have seen, by Janissary out of Claire, by Lowlander. These will be found described in last week's number of COUNTRY LIFE. The Wisdom yearlings, nine colts and eleven fillies, are described in another part of this number, and are a

remarkably fine, well-grown lot, as yearlings bred on Mr. Hoole's land usually are. On Thursday we shall have the Cottingham yearlings, an account of which appeared in these columns on the 13th of last month, and as this stud has a knack of turning out winners, and these are a really good lot, they will probably make good prices. The man who buys the colt by Isinglass out of Sweet Lavender will get a race-horse; and there is a sweet filly by Carnegie out of Bluetie. Among Mr. Pallin's four from Athgarvan Lodge, Ireland, I remember admiring the brown filly by Wiseman out of Painted Lady when I saw her some months ago, and no one could want to see finer fillies than Mr. J. McIntyre's lot of ten, which will be found noticed in the number of this paper which appeared on the 20th of August. Perhaps I liked best the quality of the filly by Tarporley out of Royal Muscadine. Among the colts most good judges will, I think, like the bay by Prism out of Queen of the Belles. These are a really good lot of yearlings. On the same day the rest of the Wisdom Stud yearlings, five colts and five fillies, will be offered; among whom will be my favourite, the chestnut colt by Wellington—Lovelorn, and a very fine filly by Quickly Wise—Golden Fleece. The Musley Bank yearlings were written of in these notes last week, and I need only repeat that no one has ever seen a finer colt than the big slashing bay by Trenton out of Golden Agnes (own sister to Kendal).

On Friday Mr. R. Vyner is sending up a very useful lot of mares, and the Keele Stud yearlings will also come up on that day. These are fully dealt with elsewhere in this number, and include a really remarkable yearling in the colt by Blue Green out of Vesterling. There will also be brood mares from the Wisdom and Tickhill Studs. A special feature of these sales are, of course, the Sledmere yearlings, among whom are very good colts by Morion—La Fleche, by Simon—Mimi, and by St. Simon out of Marchioness. There is also a nice filly by Orme out of Wedlock. I wrote of all these last week. I must not forget the useful little lot of five fillies coming up from Captain Fife's stud farm at Langton Hall, in Yorkshire. Among these are a deep, level-made bay by Isinglass out of Reverse, by Retreat; a racing-like chestnut by Hazlebatch—Solo; a strong bay by the same sire out of Patroness; a long, low bay by Avington out of Catherine Douglas, by Sterling; and a fine, good-looking chestnut by Hazlebatch out of Queen's Shilling. All these Hazlebatches have engagements in which they claim big allowances, some 12lb., some 15lb., and I advise all buyers of yearlings to have a look at them. There is also a very good yearling among Mr. Wilson's select little lot of four from the Sheffield Lane paddocks. This is the bay or brown colt by Merry Hampton out of Indian Empress. He is full of quality, of very racing-like shapes, and is sure to be much liked in the sale-ring at Doncaster.

OUTPOST.